

# The Sketch

No. 1399 —Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.

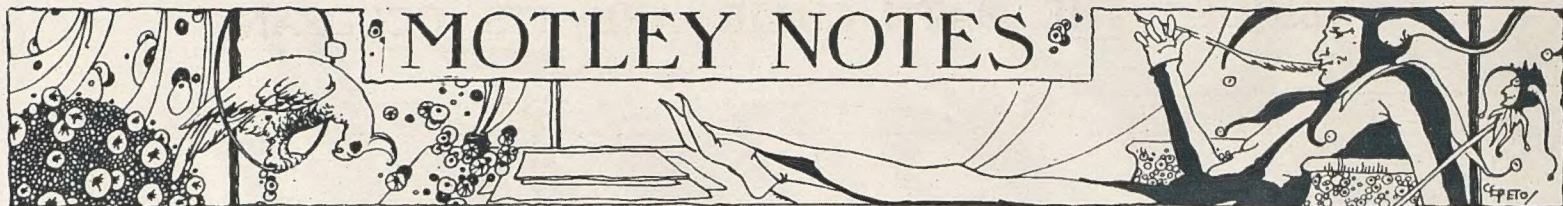


"THE CAT": MISS PEGGY MARSH AT THE VICTORY BALL.

Miss Peggy Marsh is the stage name of Miss Peggy Greenough, who, as one of the "Ziegfeld Follies," is known throughout America. She has come over here to star in a forthcoming musical comedy, and began her success at the Victory Ball as "The Cat."

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

#### Lady Astor's Ambitions.

I have been following, night by night, the campaign of Lady Astor at Plymouth, and I have discovered many things about Lady Astor from the vivid little sketches in my evening paper. I have discovered, for example, that she is essentially feminine, as a woman should be. When a man in the audience asked her whether there was not plenty of work for an American woman to do in America, Lady Astor threatened to have him put out of the meeting. That's the stuff to give 'em!

I have discovered that she has a ready tongue, any amount of pluck, and a good working knowledge of human nature. But I have not discovered, for all my careful reading, why she wants to go into Parliament.

"I am eager," she said to a representative of the Press, "to win a seat in Parliament, and equally eager to be the first woman to sit there. My hope is that I may pave the way for other women who aspire to enter Parliament. There are many splendid women who would make most useful Members, and do as much good for the country as men."

But this tells us nothing. Lady Astor, I am sure, must have some definite reason for all this expenditure of energy other than the desire to be the first woman to sit in Parliament. She would not waste our time and her own on such a silly little motive. And, if we knew why she wanted to get into Parliament, we should then know why she wishes to pave the way for the splendid women who would do as much good as the presumably splendid men already there.

**To What End?** As I have remarked before, I see no reason why women should not go into Parliament if they wish to do so. The House of Commons is the very place for them, always providing that they do not mind wasting time. Because it is common knowledge that more time is wasted in Parliament than anywhere else in the country. A convict is a busy person compared with an average Member of the House of Commons.

What will the women do when they get there? They will certainly ask questions. Lady Astor says she will not ask questions simply to oblige someone. But I am sure she will ask questions to oblige herself—that is, in order to get information out of Ministers. But the information will not be forthcoming. If a Minister wants to give information, he puts up a Member to ask a question and then answers it. If he is determined not to give the information, a million questions will not drag it out of him. Questions, therefore, amount to nothing at all. The information is given or not given quite apart from any unofficial question.

The women, of course, will vote; but they will most certainly vote the way they are told to vote. Not at first, perhaps, but before long. A machine is a machine, and the mere matter of being female instead of male does not give you any more power to fight against the action of the cog-wheels.

**The Motor Show.** I did not go to the Motor Show at Olympia. My reasons for not going were as follow—

- (1) You could not get in.
- (2) If you got in, you could not see the cars.
- (3) If you saw the cars, you could not buy them.
- (4) If you could buy them, you could not get delivery.
- (5) You could not get out.

#### Motoring Up to Date.

*January.*—Order a car and pay a deposit.

*June.*—Take a trip in the Exhibition model.

*September.*—Date of delivery postponed.

*October.*—Date of delivery again postponed. Price raised.

*November.*—Cancel order for car.

*March.*—Car ready for delivery.

*April.*—Run over and killed by new model.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY MARRIED TO THE HON. MRS. ALBERT PETRE :  
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Mr. Charles Hawtreys and the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre, widow of the late Hon. Albert Petre, and daughter of the late Rev. William Robinson Clark, were married last week at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, in Warwick Street, Regent Street. Mrs. Albert Petre is well known as "Ann Talbot," the owner of the dressmaking establishment, and has dressed a number of Mr. Hawtreys's productions. Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Hawtreys after the ceremony, and was taken in Mrs. Hawtreys's house in Hertford Street.

Photograph by I.B.

**A Curious Film.** I saw a strange film the other day. It had been taken from the deck of a German submarine, and showed British and Allied ships in the act of sinking. Now and again the submarine commander would come on deck, unroll Lloyd's register of shipping, and gleefully cross off the names of the ships he had sent to the bottom.

The film was genuine enough, and permission had been obtained from the Admiralty to exhibit it. Now the Admiralty does not grant permission of that kind without reason. The film, to begin with, must have passed through

the hands of the Admiralty. So much is obvious.

What, then, was the point of exhibiting it? Was it to prove to us that our ships were undefended and helpless at this date? But we knew that. Was it to remind us that the German submarine commanders were ruthless in their methods? If so, the film failed of its purpose, for the Germans, having prepared this film for their own propaganda department, had been careful to treat the seamen most kindly. There was no drowning, for example. Not a life was lost—on this film.

Was it to remind us that the Kaiser sanctioned unrestricted submarine warfare? I don't know. Sir Percy Scott and Mr. Arthur Pollen may understand the Admiralty; but official ways are too subtle for the ordinary man of mere intelligence.



UBIQUE ! THE BATH-CHAIR AND ITS OCCUPANT.

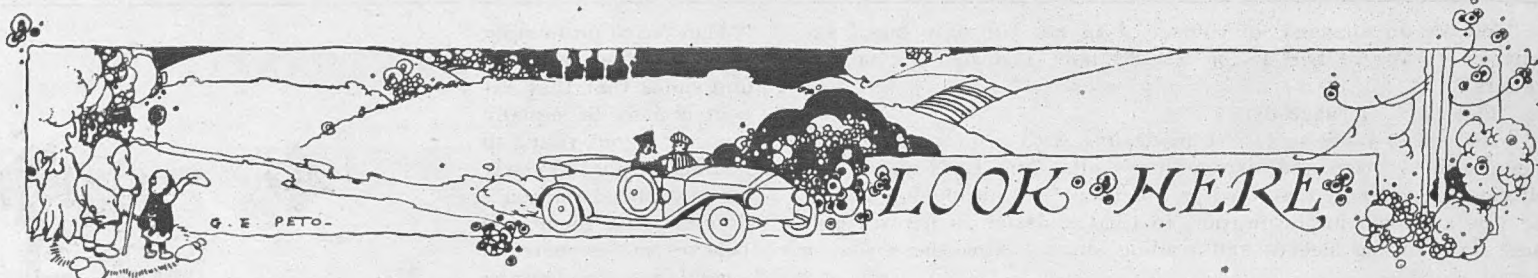
HOW SHE SAW THE VICTORY BALL : LADY DIANA COOPER.

Society has grown quite used to Lady Diana's bath-chair being part of the mise-en-scène of every important function. It has been wheeled into the Ritz, propelled to the Ballet, and trundled round the Park on different, well-noted occasions, so it would have really been a surprise if it had not appeared at the Albert Hall; for what would a

Victory Ball have been without Lady Diana Cooper? She made a picturesque figure in an eighteenth-century French costume; and if the correct mode of progression for the period would have been a sedan-chair, well, one may pardon a slight anachronism—and she looked very charming in the bath-chair.

*Photograph by Farrington Photo. Press.*

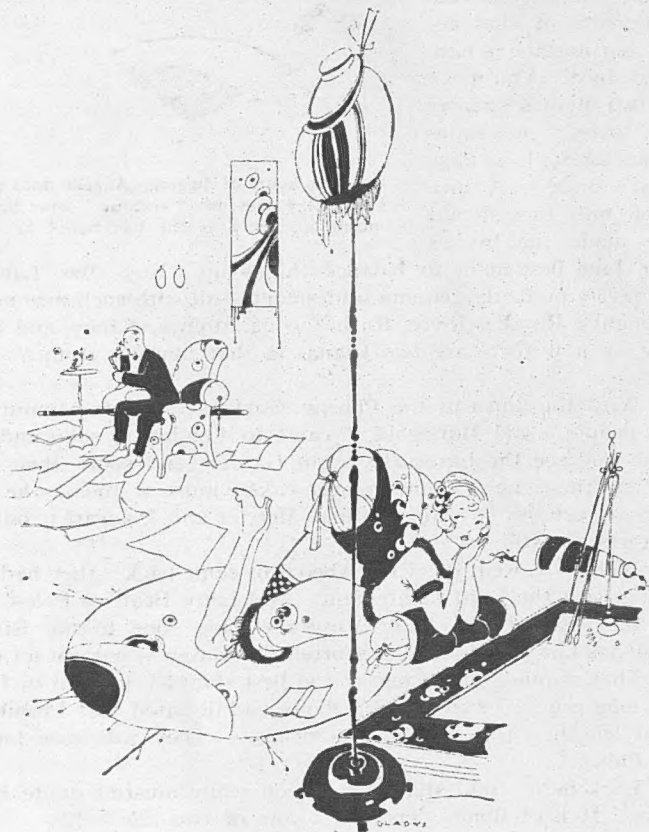




"EVERYBODY was pleased that Iris Tree was back for her sister's great first night," said Mariegold. "She's a bit of a truant and a wanderer, a little difficult to pin down; but she caught her boat from New York all right, and was in London in time to enjoy the joke about Arnold Bennett."

"What joke?" I asked.

"Oh, the joke about Arnold Bennett and the curtain; I didn't think anybody could help seeing it," she said.



1. Angela has had various rivals in her time—but her present enemy is Oil. Algy is so occupied that he doesn't speak to her for hours together.

"I don't see how I could see it when I wasn't there," I protested.

"Oh, that's your trouble!" said Mariegold. "Everybody else was. Anyway, it was a joke you had to see; it's no use trying to tell it. It was just a matter of Arnold Bennett and the curtain being at cross-purposes, so that it always went up just as he was trying to escape off the stage, or came down just as he was being shoved on. It wouldn't have been so horribly funny with anyone except Arnold Bennett, who's shy."

"It took a Tree to drag him on at all. Ordinary people can't nobble him that way," said Mariegold.

"I believe you," I said. "I know that front door of his just out of Hanover Square. There's a little flicker of gas in one of the windows, just enough to encourage you to ring. But all in vain. After five minutes a policeman, probably in league with the great man, comes to the corner, and pretends not to be watching you. You know how London policemen pretend! I know 'A. B.' moderately well, but I've never penetrated 12B, George Street."

"Then try that yachting club in Piccadilly," said Mariegold. "The Royal Thames Yacht Club I think it is, with the fascinating prints of ships all over the walls. I always admire that Club; it keeps so quiet. It's got about the best pitch in Piccadilly, and the most charming rooms, but absolutely no publicity department. It's a magnificent secret, right in the blatant heart of London. It made it all the funnier the other night to think that it was a member

of that particular Club who had to play hide-and-seek with Miss Tree's curtain."

"They are wonderful people, those Trees," said Mariegold. "I've got here a copy of Poems by Iris, privately printed at the Guardian Press, Nassau, Bahamas. Why Bahamas, and how it came from Bahamas to me, I know not. It's got queer, startling lines in it—descriptions of New York (she's just come from New York) where:

Smugly on high heels  
The dispassionate women squander  
between meals  
Their lavish hours. Or with a  
man or two  
They hurry to do the things they  
ought to do—  
As, finger tapestry, admire a  
shoe,  
Or sit for portraiture, or sculpt,  
or go to tea,  
Or read the roll of honour  
thoroughly;  
Or smile, and laugh and yawn  
becomingly.

"But it's London she knows most about," said Mariegold, "London with its million faces scattered like confetti, with its dances and theatres and streets, and again, Venetian masks against a milky skin."

"What does Max say about his cousin's poetry?" I asked.

"Why, keeps a parody up his sleeve," said Mariegold. "That's his way of paying a compliment. He's one of the family, of course. I remember Lady Tree saying, 'Tree's a fantastic thing we just tacked on; we're all plain Beerbohms really—plain as brother Max!'"

"But what sleeves to keep things up," I murmured. "Tight starched cuffs, held tightly round the wrist with black boot-buttons for links—in the Oxford days, at least, that was one of Max's particular claims to celebrity."

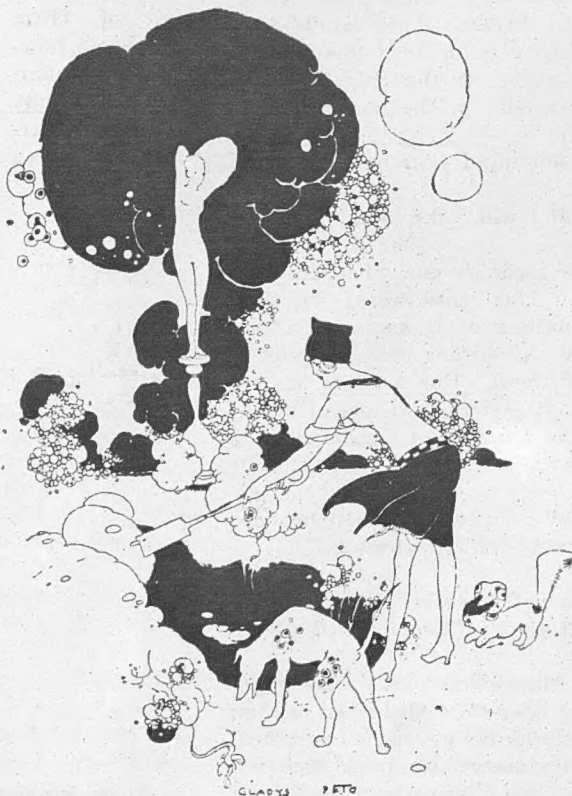
"Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson's cable to Lady Astor recalled old days to me," said Mariegold. "I mean it made me think of the Gibson Girl that thrilled me when I myself was like nothing on earth, in a black serge dress and a medal, the uniform of my convent school. Such splendid girls they seemed; but instead of growing up to be one of them—behold your humble servant!"

"It's all for the best," I said consolingly.

"I'm not asking for sympathy," she said. "I was merely marvelling at the difference there is between the girl I wanted to be then and the girl I am to-day—between the great iron-clad, armoured, upholstered Gibson Girl, who wore much more when she went bathing than I'm wearing now—well, between her and me.



2. She tries to read the subject up herself, and studies the paper which she insists on calling the "Financier and Balloonist," but fails to understand what it's all about.



3. She thinks, perhaps, a more practical interest would be better. Now, suppose there should be an oil-well in the garden. She is going to find out!



"We've all changed, of course. I'm not the only one," she went on. "We're D.H.4's or R.E.8's now, instead of armoured cruisers."

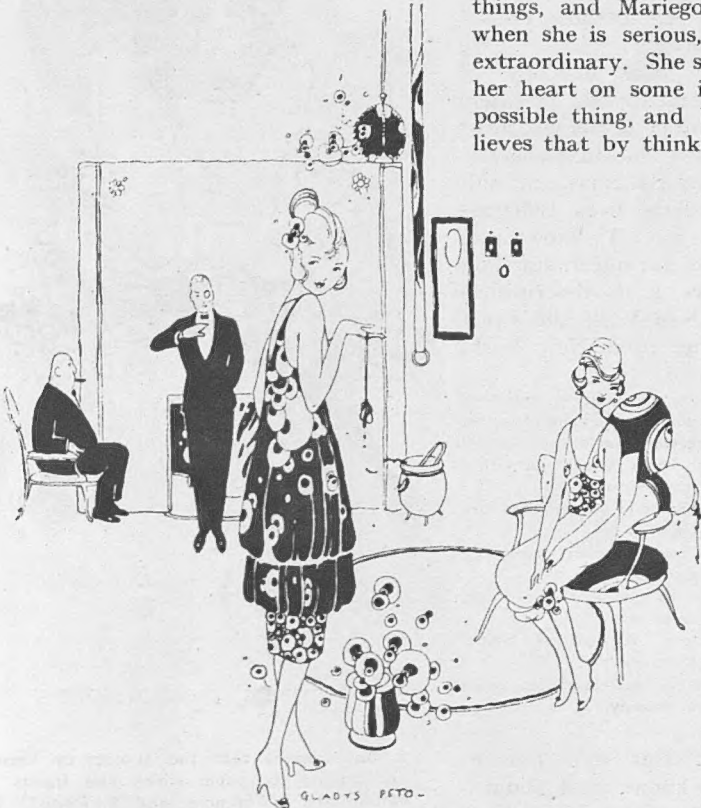
"Flighty?" I suggested.

"No, silly!" she said; "I'm dealing with appearances. Our lines are fined down and spare—that's all. And Lady Astor herself can no longer be described as a Gibson Girl, although I believe she was as much an inspiration to Charles Dana as her sister in those days of big sleeves and trailing skirts. Now she's slender as any of us."

"There were three Virginian sisters," I said; "all inspirations."

"And a brother," said Mariegold, "who was in Berlin at the U.S.A. Embassy before America came in with us."

The Prince's American visit pleased Mariegold. She has ideas. One hardly likes to pass them on, because they deal with serious things, and Mariegold, when she is serious, is extraordinary. She sets her heart on some impossible thing, and believes that by thinking



5. Angela feels she must participate somehow in the Oil Boom, so she orders that all her cooking shall be done by that popular medium. These are Angela, Algy, and their guests waiting at 9.15 for the dinner that should have been served at 8.15.

very hard and praying at nights she can bring it off. For the good of the world she has decided the Prince must marry an American. She even knows who, and told me, although I did not encourage her, being shy about discussing other people's marriages, especially before the other people have decided.

"Only I, who know America," she went on, "can realise how pleased they would be with the Prince. They would love him. So you see it would be quite easy to make a love match, as far as they are concerned. And as far as the Prince is concerned, I know girls with whom he would, in the natural order, be quite capable of falling in love."

"But, Mariegold," I said, "why not mind your own business; why not fall in love yourself?"

"Give me a reasonable excuse, and I will," she said.

"The Whitelaw-Reids are always great people when Royalty goes to America," said Mariegold. "They entertained the Connaughts in that big brown-stone dwelling of theirs on Madison Avenue. It's always the way; let Americans live here for a time, and we come to think no end of them. But America has got lots of Whitelaw-Reids and lots of Lady Astors, and lots of people like Lady Leslie (a great friend of the Duchess of Connaught's in the past)—not exactly like, but potentially. And, as I say, there are two or three potential princesses."

"You must stick to one," I said; "you've named her and prayed for her. You must concentrate—see her through."

"I mean to," said Mariegold.

"Miss Diana Farquhar, who married Captain John Lambton last week, made certain sacrifices," I said. "She married plumb in the hunting season."

"But she got the right man," said Mariegold; "he's a Lambton, and it will be horses, horses all the way once they get settled in their own county—which is as good as roses as far as she is concerned. She's one of the hunting people who marvel at John Masefield filling a whole book with a poem about the hunting-field, as if he'd understood it all his life. The M.F.H.'s are all saying, 'How the devil does he know? Ships and slums and murders were his special line. But how the devil—' That's what they say," said Mariegold.

"They're so profoundly ignorant about murders and slums that they expect him to be equally ignorant about riding to hounds. Only the newly married Mrs. Lambton's different from them; she believes in the poetry of a good cross-country run. You'd probably find she carries a Shelley where most of the hunt carries a flask."

"Did she have huntsmen or poets for train-bearers?" I said.

Mariegold laughed. "I am waiting for developments of that notion, but nothing's happened since. You mean the two gunner's-mates who acted as train-bearers for Sir John Page Wood's bride. A nice notion, only they should have made the bride's sister Jane best man, to balance things up. No; Mrs. Lambton had seven perfectly genuine bridesmaids—all with such nice names, I thought: Rosalie, Joyce, Ruth, Ursula, Monica, Nancy, and Diana Mary, so now there are two Dianas in that hunting group."

"With the finish of the Phoenix Park races, quite a number of Irish people," said Mariegold, "came to London to shop and look round, and see the tiaras at Covent Garden, and sport their own, and try these new Rumpelmeyer cakes, most of them—the Irish visitors—just too late for Cardinal Mercier and Poincaré; but the jam-tarts are still on."

"Well," she went on, "the Abercorns came back; they had been staying with the Lord Lieutenant. And Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. And Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave have gone to the Riviera, and so has Lady Jephson, 'to shorten the winter'—but not for us!"

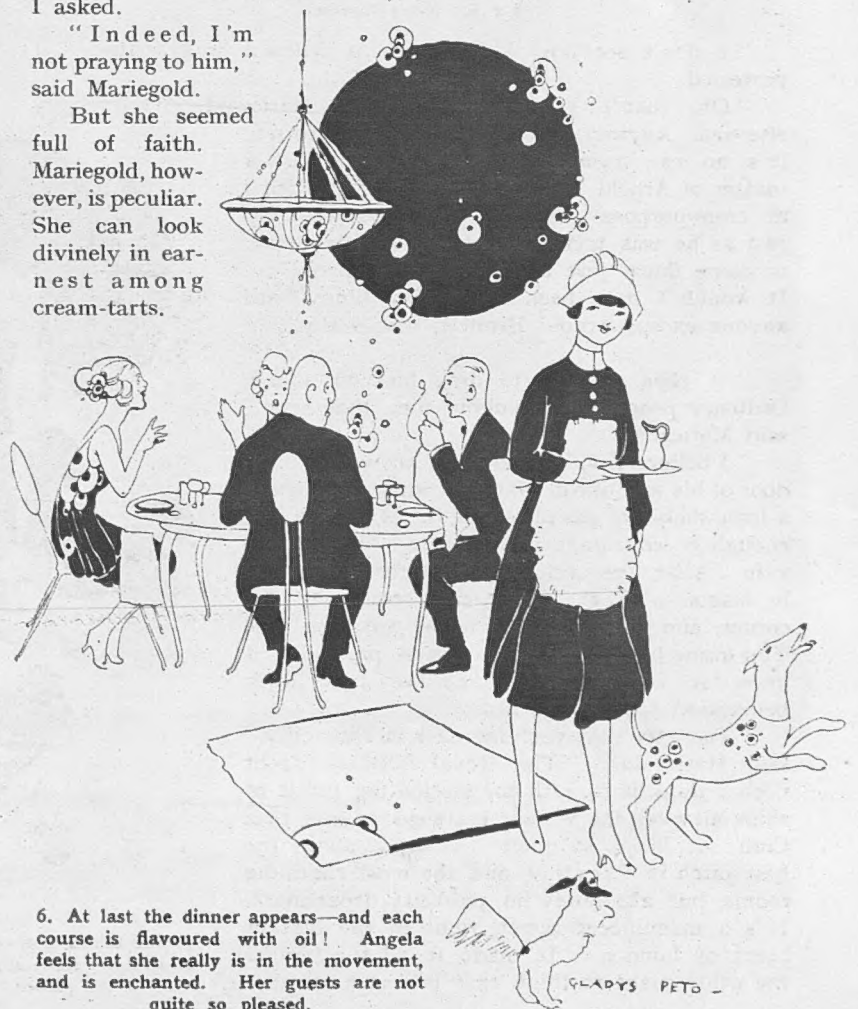
"That reminds me of one of the best things I've seen in *Punch* for a long time," I said. "Somebody had declared that Prohibition would lengthen the lives of Americans. 'They will seem longer,' said *Punch*."

"Look here," said Mariegold, "you really mustn't quote *Punch* at me. It isn't done. There's a fine of two eclairs!"

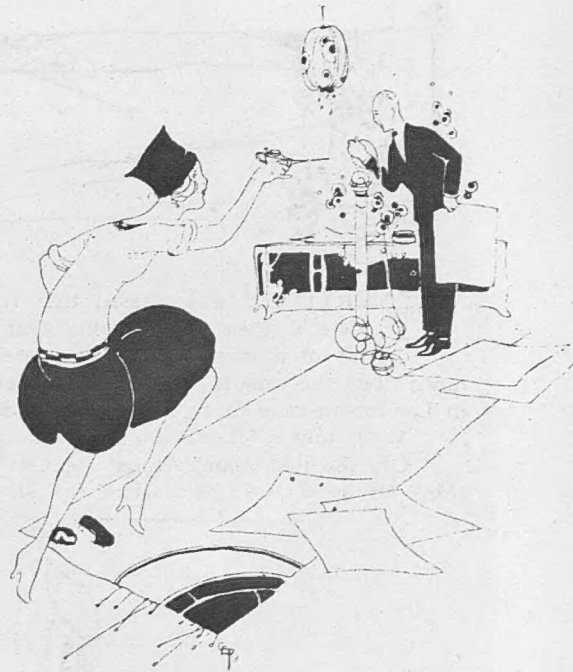
"When the Prince gets back will he have answered your prayer?" I asked.

"Indeed, I'm not praying to him," said Mariegold.

But she seemed full of faith. Mariegold, however, is peculiar. She can look divinely in earnest among cream-tarts.



6. At last the dinner appears—and each course is flavoured with oil! Angela feels that she really is in the movement, and is enchanted. Her guests are not quite so pleased.



4. After hours of digging, Angela finds an Oil Can. Algy does not "enthus" over this promising discovery as she had hoped he would.



## CLAD IN THEIR MOTLEY: STAG



1. RESTING ON THE FLOOR: DANCERS AT THE ALBERT HALL VICTORY BALL.

2. A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE: ONE OF THE COSTUMES.

3. "TWO OF A KIND": THE ECLAIR TWINS.

4. AS THE POWDER-PUFF AND BOX: MRS. ASHLEY.

5. AND FRIENDS: MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS, OF "BRAN PIE."

It was difficult to select the most original and beautiful of the many Victory fancy dresses the other night, at the Albert Hall, but the photographs on our page are samples of the different periods and fantastic symbols which were represented by the dancers. Some of the dresses were period frocks, like the Countess of Lisburne's Renaissance gown, which suited her Spanish beauty to perfection; others were modern quips and conceits, such

Photographs by I.B. Allen



# AND SOCIETY AT THE VICTORY BALL.



6. AS COLUMBINE: MISS MARIE LÖHR.

7. AS "BACK AGAIN": MISS LEE WHITE.

8. ONE OF THE REVELLERS: A "FUTURIST" FANCY DRESS.

9. IN A WONDERFUL RENAISSANCE DRESS: THE COUNTESS OF LISBURN IN HER BOX.

10. THE "BUNCH OF GRAPES": Mlle. EDMÉE DORMEUIL.

as the feathered frocks of the Eclair Twins; Mrs. Ashley's ingenious itinerant powder-box and puff; Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil's elaborate "Bunch of Grapes" costume, and Miss Lee White's "Back Again" dress (the joke of which is missed in our picture, because Miss Lee White *would* smile at the camera!). Miss Marie Löhr looked her most charming as Columbine, and—but it is impossible to enumerate everyone!





THE last State visitor to occupy the "Belgian Suite" at Buckingham Palace was President Wilson. It has been said that some of the officials composing the Royal Household were woefully upset at the ignorance or indifference towards cherished etiquette and custom shown by the President of the United States. If all your life you have been accustomed to regard a hair's-breadth departure from rule as something approaching a catastrophe, the man who doesn't seem particularly anxious or distressed when he upsets a whole basketful of conventions must seem the worst kind of criminal.

#### His Previous Experience.

But the President of the French Republic, at least, is not the kind of person to disturb the equanimity of courtly officialdom. Which does not mean, of course, that M. Poincaré is not a good democrat. But the French have an instinct that amounts to genius for adapting themselves to their surroundings; and M. Poincaré has quite a wide knowledge of Courts, besides having previous experience of England to guide him. By the way, the huge crowds that turned out to cheer him both on his arrival and for his drive to the Guildhall must have shown the two distinguished visitors, if they had needed to be shown, the very friendly nature of the feelings the general public in England entertain towards France.

#### The Great Ball.

Londoners do not, as a rule, take kindly to carnival, and the Englishman's secret fear of "making a fool of himself" often leaves one with the impression that he is enjoying himself far less than is really the case. But now and again this shyness is thrown aside, and the scene at the Albert Hall last week, when London celebrated the first anniversary of the Armistice at the second Victory Ball, was as gay and light-hearted as the most joyous could wish; and balloons and paper streamers were a feature of the festivities. The dresses, too, were worthy of the occasion, and the decision of the organisers to dispense with anything in the nature of a procession was a wise move. Quite frankly, people want to dance, and have very little interest in a spectacle which only the fortunate few who happen to have boxes can see with comfort.

#### The "Lord" Mayor.

Lord Doneraile, Mayor of Westminster, has other claims to distinction besides an ability to play and referee at croquet. To begin with, while more than one "confirmed bachelor" has lately forsaken his principles, Lord Doneraile remains faithful to single blessedness, and lives in the quite unlordly and not too fashionable Victoria Street; so at least he knows something about the district over whose civic matters he presides. If long lineage were a qualification for the honour of being Mayor of Westminster, Lord Doneraile

would stand somewhere at the head of the list. He is one of the many who claim that their ancestors came over with William the Conqueror.

#### Keeping It Up.

Playing at shopwomen became such a fashionable pastime during the war that Society seems loth to give it up. Whether the patrons—including Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and all the other Duchesses and Countesses down to help—really intend to put in an appearance at the Giant Jumble Sale in connection with the National Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. at the Central Hall, Westminster, on the afternoon of Dec. 11 remains to be seen. It is pretty certain that appreciative and thrifty housewives, however, will flock in to support the venture. "Jumbles" as money-raisers are almost better than the ordinary 'sale,' where joyous bargaining and a 'hunt' for treasures are sternly forbidden.

#### Making a Start.

Lady Londonderry has already made her reputation as an organiser. Last night, (Tuesday, Nov. 18) she showed her capabilities as a political hostess. Londonderry House was once more the scene of a brilliant political entertainment of the kind the mother of the present Peer was so fond of giving, and organised so brilliantly. It is too early to say yet whether Lady Londonderry's example will be widely followed, and it is open to doubt whether real enjoyment plays any part in the evening's proceedings at a gathering of this kind; but last night's "at home" showed at least that, as a hostess, political and otherwise, Lady Londonderry has nothing to learn.

#### Hard to Imagine.

It is a little difficult to think of Prince Youssouppoff-Elston as the man who shot Rasputin. But the slight and youthful-looking man who is feeling so depressed at the thought of British and Bolshevik joining hands, and has made London his home for the present, rid Russia of a very vile personality. Gossip has connected the Prince's name with the two Rembrandts which, it is said, are being offered for sale in London. Whether the Prince is the actual owner is not, at the moment, known. If he were, he would quite cheerfully sell them for the benefit of his countrymen and women, many of whom have good cause to appreciate his generosity. But it is something far more than one man's job to deal with the unhappy victims of Bolshevik brutality. Lady Egerton knows it; so does the Countess Torby, whose own losses have made her the more anxious to help others even less fortunate than herself. Loss of property and wealth has not affected the Countess's good spirits, nor her determination to make the sale on Dec. 2, 3, and 4, at 21, Belgrave Square, the success the cause deserves.



A CHARMING PORTRAIT-STUDY: THE HON. MRS. WALTER BOYLE.

The Hon. Mrs. Walter Boyle is the wife of the Hon. Walter Boyle, son of the fifth Earl of Shannon, and uncle of the present peer. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Edward R. Fisher-Rowe, and has a son and two daughters.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



A BRIDE OF THE WEEK: MISS DIANA FARQUHAR.

Miss Diana Farquhar, whose marriage to Captain John Lambton, eldest son of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Lambton, of Fenton, Northumberland, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Farquhar, of Dalton Hall, Burnley.



TO GIVE A RECITAL ON DEC. 2: MISS GLADYS NEWBERRY.

Miss Gladys Newberry, only daughter of Mrs. Harrie Newberry, of 20, Cadogan Gardens, is making her first public appearance as a singer at the Aeolian Hall, on Dec. 2. One of the interesting items of her programme will be some Brahms vocal quartets, including the gipsy songs.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]



## AT THE ALBERT HALL: A FLOWER OF THE VICTORY BALL.



AS AN ORCHID: MRS. REGINALD POLE, SISTER OF MR. T. M'KINNON WOOD.

The dresses at the Victory Ball last week were as various and as beautiful as we all expected, and the Stage by no means carried off the palm for wonderful frocks, as this picture of Mrs. Reginald Pole, a well-known Society woman, shows. Mrs. Pole is the wife of Mr.

Reginald Pole, of Newmile, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Chairman of the Wheel and Wings Company, and is the sister of the Right Hon. Thomas M'Kinnon Wood, P.C., M.P., the well-known politician, late Secretary of State for Scotland.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



# "MAGGIE"—AND JIM: GEORGE GRAVES IN AN "OLD DOG" PART.



WITH A PEACE-OFFERING FOR HIS WIFE: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS JIM.



MISS WINIFRED BARNES AS NELLIE (ALIAS MAGGIE).



HAVING BESTOWED THE NEW HAT ELSEWHERE: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS JIM.



AMONG THE MANNEQUINS: MR. GEORGE GRAVES (ON THE RIGHT) AS JIM AND MR. ARTHUR CHESNEY (LEFT), AS MARCEL, THE COSTUMIER, IN "MAGGIE," AT THE OXFORD.

Mr. George Graves, although he appears on the programme of "Maggie," at the Oxford, as a person of the name of Jim, really plays the part of Mr. George Graves—that is, he is his own inimitable self. He supplies the humour of the piece, in the character of an elderly roué, in other words,

an "old dog"—a typical George Graves part in his best style. Miss Winifred Barnes doubles the parts of Nellie Hay, costumier's assistant, and Maggie (married into the peerage as Lady Victor Kelham), a film actress for whom Nellie is mistaken, and whom she impersonates at Beauville.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



# REVELLERS, BATHERS, AND "MEXICAN" DANCERS: "MAGGIE."



1. BELATED CARNIVAL REVELLERS MEET THE MORNING BATHERS: A GARDEN SCENE AT THE GRAND HOTEL, BEAUVILLE, IN "MAGGIE," AT THE OXFORD.

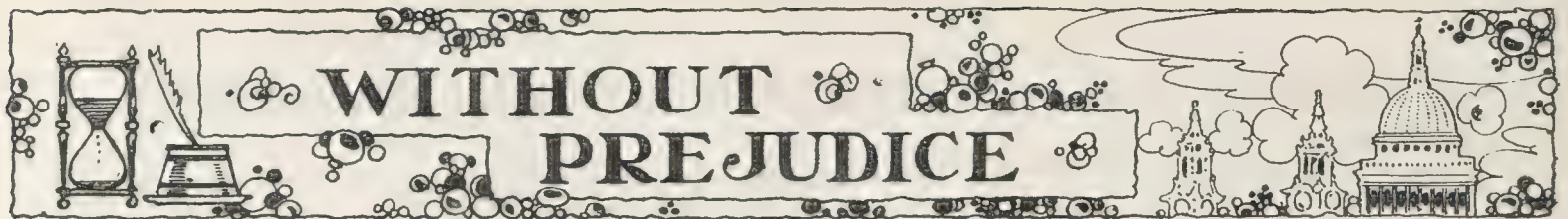
2. A CHARMING INTERLUDE IN "MAGGIE": MISS IVY SHILLING (ON THE STEPS) AND MR. ERNEST MARINI CLEARING THE STAGE FOR THEIR MEXICAN DANCE.

The scene of "Maggie" is partly laid at a fashionable French watering place named Beauville, where, of course, there are fair bathers and a carnival. Some of the carnival revellers, who have kept it up all night, encounter the

morning brigade of bathers in the garden of the Grand Hotel, and so the end of one perfect day merges in the beginning of another. A striking interlude is a Mexican dance by Miss Ivy Shilling and her partner, Mr. Ernest Marini.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Bayfield, Ltd.*



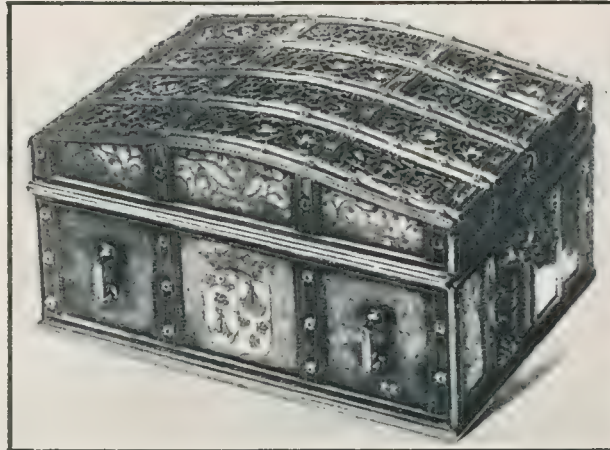


LET us, for goodness' sake, give up being insincerely (and not so very convincingly) advanced, and bathe ourselves for a short time in the soothing warm waters of reaction. Because one is always finding, in these depressing days of desperate innovation at any cost, that the old grooves are the cosiest after all. It is a discovery that occurs to one in the region of pictorial art as one reels, blinkered and breathless, out of any really up-to-date picture-show. Large slices of the population are seeking refuge from the clank and rattle of American importations in the quiet backwaters of Late Victorian operetta at the Prince's Theatre. And you may very pleasantly arrive at the same conclusion against the traditional background of the Gaiety, once Nellie Farren's, John Hollingshead's, Gertie Millar's, George Grossmith's, Edmund Payne's, George Edwardes', and now G. P. Huntley's, Stanley Lupino's, and Gwendoline Brogden's.

"The Kiss Call," which has been going on even longer than the average call under the benevolent régime of Mr. Albert Illingworth, has all the virtues of that long line of musical comedies which began in the old Gaiety across the road with "The Circus Girl," who leapt through her first hoop when most of us were sustaining life upon an uninspiring diet of cod-liver oil and family affection. It has coherence, humour, and Anglo-Saxon light music without the slightest touch of the tar-brush. So much is it in line with the Gaiety tradition of the past twenty years or so, that one would not be surprised if George G. and Edmund P. walked on and commenced one of their interminable scenes of interpolated fooling. It is emphatically the right sort of show.

*Imprimis*, it has a good book to its name. The matrimonial complications of doctors are not a novelty in the sense in which the themes of Ibsen were novelties. But they are at least more

between Regent's Park and Cavendish Square. His model call on a Dear Duchess (but she is hardly so dear as her medical adviser) is a good piece of work which one must not forget as one wipes one's eyes and replaces one's missing ribs after watching Mr. Lupino's divine parody of it. Mr. Lupino comes from pantomime, and to the dimensions of his home in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, he doubtless owes the fact that he paints with what Mr. Winston Churchill (another gentleman in the same line) calls the Big Brush. But his precision and agility are combined with a real gift for comedy. He is funny. He should go on being funny for years and years.



SOLD BY AUCTION: THE CASKET IN WHICH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS KEPT HER LOVE-LETTERS.

The sale of the Hamilton pictures and historic treasures has been arousing great interest. Among the "lots" which came under the hammer is the above relic of Mary Queen of Scots. Quite apart from the romantic fact that the casket held the ill-starred Queen's love-letters, its intrinsic value is considerable, as the workmanship is very beautiful.—[Photograph by G. P. A.]

Of course, the classical comedian of the team is Mr. G. P. Huntley, who, like Cleopatra, is unwithered by time and, so far as his infinite variety is concerned, unstaled. He has always been, in a mild way, the Hawtrey of musical comedy—not merely in respect of his specific gravity, but by reason of that ambling cheerfulness and those terrified little eyes. His occurrence in fancy dress as Edgar the Fearless, who flourished unknown in 1733, is delightful; but he is even better when his natural charms are unheightened by the tights, the corkscrew golden curls, and the curling plume of that insufficiently chronicled hero.

The best of the ladies, if one is to be thoroughly invidious when whatever there is is good, is Miss Evelyn Laye. She sings. She cavorts. But, above all, she acts. She has a conception of her part, and she does it. She contains, if one is not seriously mistaken, the elements of that rarest of all God's creatures, the female comedian. She is funny, and in order to be funny she does not mind making herself ridiculous, or her face momentarily unsymmetrical. She will be seen, if there is any sense in the old gentlemen who preside over such affairs, in comedy *sans* band, *sans* songs, *sans* lights, *sans* everything except a part to play in a first-class piece. And when she does, musical comedy



"FEED THE PROF!" AMERICAN STUDENTS DEMAND A RISE FOR THEIR PROFESSOR.

The students of the Cornell University of America are out for a rise in salary—for their professor. Our photograph shows a spectacular procession of altruistic students bent on doing the "Prof" a good turn.—[Photograph by C. P. P.]

inspiring than the matrimonial complications of heroic sailors, minor members of the aristocracy, or Balkan princes, which are the normal subject-matter of such compositions. And Mr. Austin Melford has constructed, when the exigencies of the piece allow him to stand still for a few moments, a very passable medical man, whose brass plate might well be flaunted on any fashionable door

will mourn yet another recruit to the more legitimate branch of the Legitimate. Not that Miss Brogdoline Gwenden—I beg your pardon, but you know whom one means—or Miss Irene Magley is outclassed, each at her own particular lay. Notatall. Miss B. sings, and Miss M. does her hair with all the skill, the *aplomb*, and the effect which one expects from a finished performer.



## TREED ; AND MOTORED : SOME PEOPLE OF NOTE.



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE : THE HON. MRS. VAUGHAN-THOMPSON.



CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY GORMANSTON : THE HON. EILEEN, HON. JENICO, AND HON. ROBERT PRESTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Vaughan-Thompson is the youngest of Lord and Lady Shaw's three daughters. She is a war widow, as her husband, Captain Vaughan-Thompson, Royal Fusiliers, was killed early in the war.—Viscount and Viscountess Gormanston have three children, of whom the Hon. Eileen Preston is the eldest. The Hon. Jenico Preston is the

eldest son, and is now five years old. Lady Gormanston is a daughter of the late General the Right Hon. Sir William F. Butler, G.C.B., and of Lady Butler, the famous painter of "The Roll Call." Our photograph is a snapshot recently taken at Gormanston Castle, Balbriggan, Co. Dublin.—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford.]



## OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES: A PARIS LETTER.

THE die is cast. The vote is taken. No, I am not referring to the elections, of which the results are now known, but to the great contest of Wagnerians *versus* anti-Wagnerians. In the summer the anti-Wagnerians won. They had the Prefect of Police on their side. They managed to induce the authorities to prohibit the proposed Wagnerian concert in the open-air theatre of the Tuileries Gardens. It was a smashing victory, and it seemed as though never again would the French admirers of the German Master raise their heads. Incidentally, perhaps I should remark that, if "Lohengrin" was banished because of his enemy origin, "The Merry Widow," of Austrian nationality, was waltzing to her heart's content in the cabarets of Montmartre. What is there subtly subversive in Wagner? Where has he hidden his Prussianism in his music? For my part, I tried hard to find in what precisely consisted the offence of "Parsifal." Anyhow, the fact remains that, while "Tristan and Isolde" was constantly played in England—even while German bombs were falling around the theatre—it has taken the French a whole year of peace before they could reconcile themselves even to the overture to the "Meistersinger." At this moment the Pacheloup Concerts enjoy the best reputation in Paris. M. Rhené-Baton, the conductor, arranged a plebiscite of the audience (plebiscites have been made so fashionable by the Peace Conference!) The audience raised 5000 voices in favour of ending the exile of Wagner, and only 200 impenitent anti-Wagnerians told him to go to—Bayreuth!

From the land of Wagner and Nietzsche and Ludendorff, Miss Decima Moore has paid us a fleeting visit, looking in for the last time upon the Leave Club which she founded. Old playgoers will remember Miss Moore as one of the most charming actresses of her day; young soldiers will carry the souvenir of her as the gracious goddess of their "perm." in Paris. I am glad the need of the Leave Club is over; but I am sorry it is closing its doors. How many hundreds of thousands of men in mud-embroidered khaki will recollect the Gay City (then dark and desolate and bombarded) as a place where Miss Moore and her companions made a bright corner of Blighty! They preferred rag-time to Wagner; and I daresay the jazz bands of the Club were a pleasant parody of the noisy nights on the front. But it is sad to think of those soldiers' balls as for ever vanished. This was then the only place where one could dance—and it had to be kept a profound secret, lest the French should be shocked at our fighters' frivolity!

Khaki is no longer the mode for men. There is, after the monotony of khaki and blue-horizon, a desire to indulge in the most amazing costumes. Why should women have a monopoly of the fashions? Why are we condemned to drab clothes? The young bloods of France are in revolt. They want colour; and the violet evening-coat that the Duke of Toledo donned at dinner has given a fillip to their fancy. There is one daring pioneer who sports at the theatres a frock-coat of velvet—strange mixture of

convention and eccentricity! Another innovator who attracted much attention at Miss Mary Garden's farewell appearance as Cleopatra (she is now on her way to America) had his coat loosely fastened by big jet buttons, which gave glimpses of white under the curved slits. There is an attempt to launch a conical opera-hat in grey felt with a silver buckle in front. Somebody has invented a "rational" costume which resembles a *decolleté* blouse, with what I believe are known as *basques* caught in at the waist by an ornamented belt. I cannot count the number of men's thumb-rings I have seen lately; and elaborately chiselled bracelets replace the identity badge. Why should not the men be whimsical?

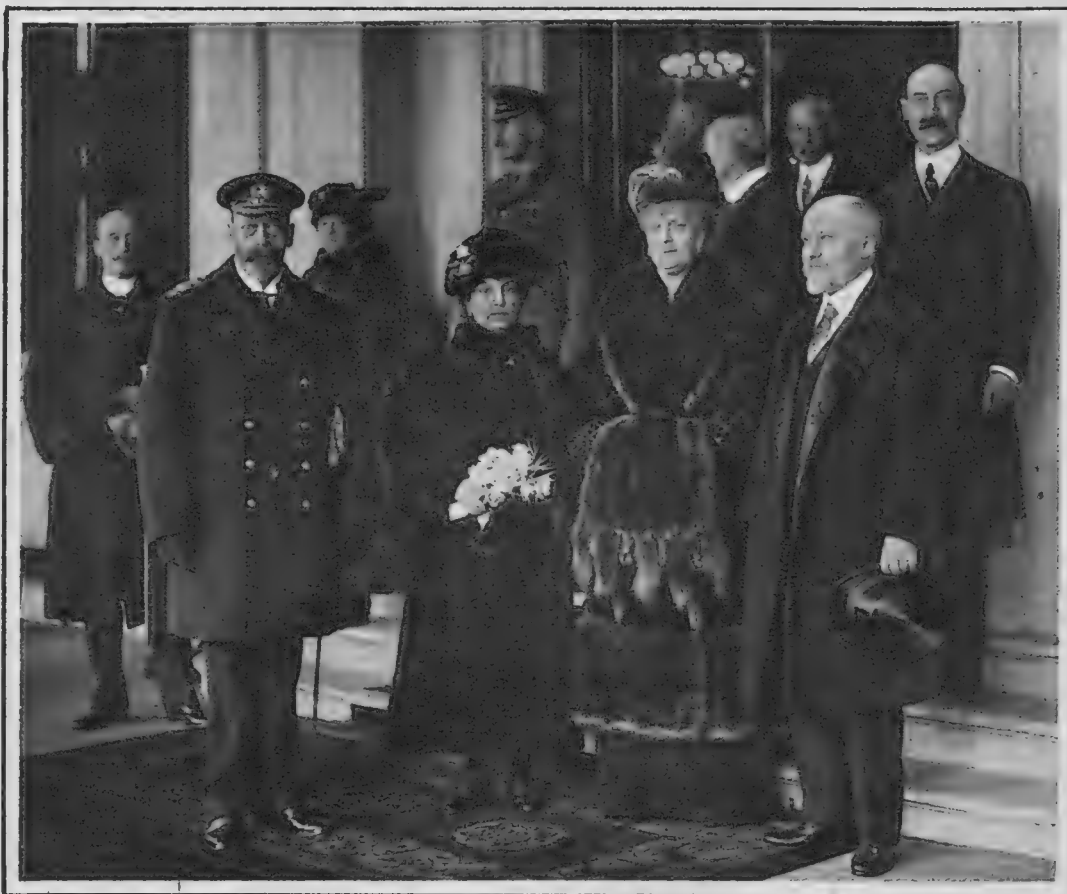
While these pleasant surprises and little thrills are again obtainable, shopping has been a difficult joy. That the big establishments should be worried in their turn by strikes was inevitable—and, perhaps, not of much importance. But Madame found it extremely annoying. There is nothing so dearly prized—not even in these

days of tango-teas—as the afternoon debauch of shop-gazing. I have never appreciated the fun, nor can I understand how it pays the shops to be the rendezvous of femininity. I suppose somebody buys something sometimes; but for the most part the Parisienne seems to wander from display to display, spending hours in regarding, in touching, in trying on, in making mental notes which she will pass on to her own particular dressmaker, even in ordering things which when they arrive she will send back, possessing as she does the privilege of her sex of changing her mind. The little drapery stores get the business; the great emporiums always strike me

as pleasure-resorts run on philanthropic lines. I daresay their balance-sheets would show that I am wrong. Still, this strike is rather a strike in the amusement world, isn't it?

In our world of amusements boxing must again be reckoned. It has come back into favour with a bound, and the fair followers of the sport are more numerous and more whole-hearted—should I even say more sanguinary?—than their sister-enthusiasts across the Channel. They may shudder agreeably, but they cry out for more shudders; and their voices can often be heard above the men's, shrilly crying out encouragement and urging on the combatants. Carpentier is the darling of yore. He may not be the blue-eyed boy, pretty, and perhaps frail; he is older and stronger, but he is still handsome; and his great match in Angleterre has set many hearts beating with expectation. They are palpitating at all these details of his silken shirts and his French-cooked meals even so far from the boulevards. The mysteries of the punching-bag have to be patiently explained. Ah, it is more exciting than the prize-fight in the bigger ring a year ago; and, if Carpentier comes back victorious, then he will be the object of as much hero-worship as was Clemenceau or Foch. If Wagner can help us to express our exultation in triumphal music, even Wagner will be welcome.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN LONDON: M. POINCARÉ AND MME. POINCARÉ AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WITH THE KING AND QUEEN.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## AWARDED THE PRIX DE ROME: "JEUNESSE ET VIEILLESSE."



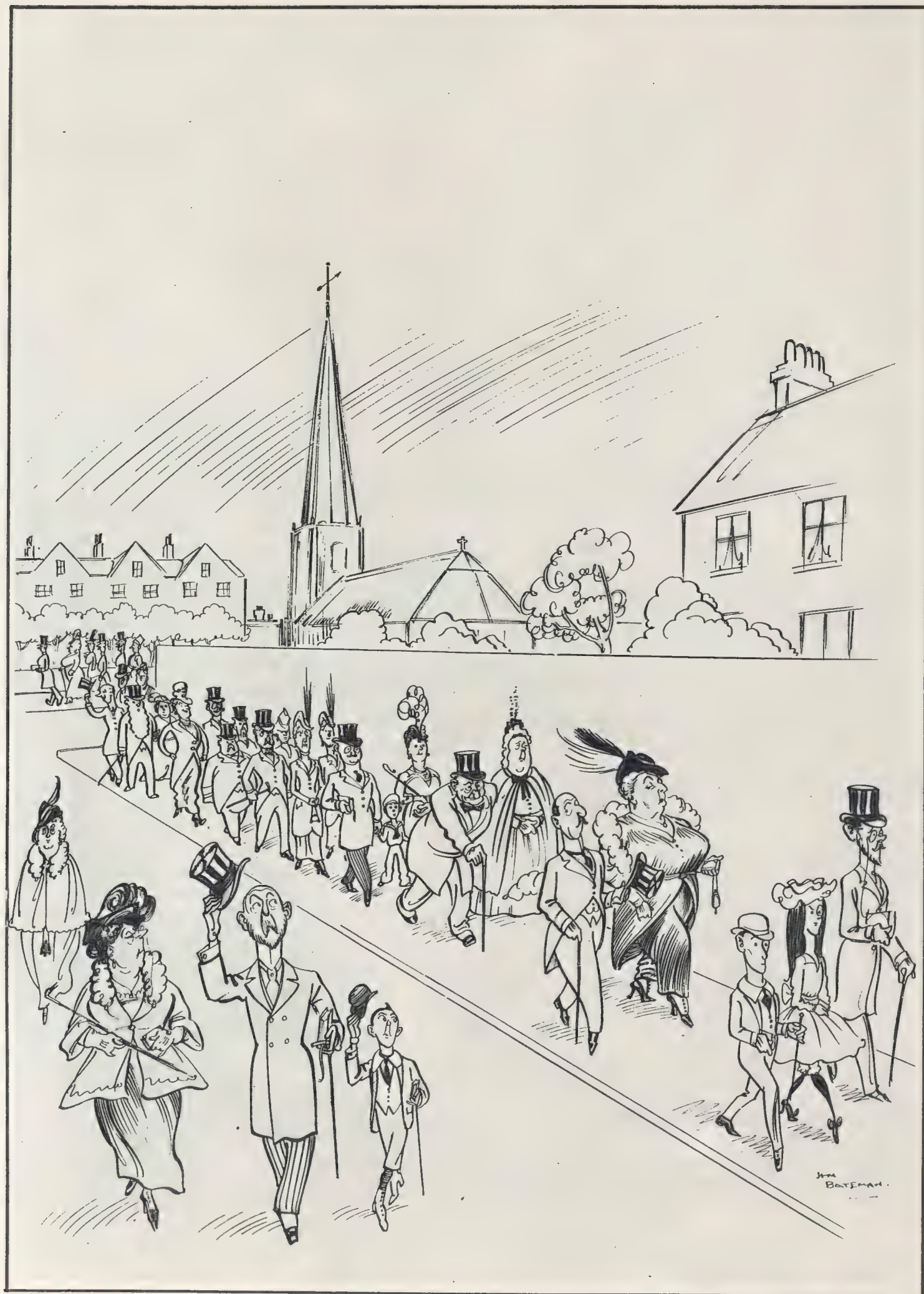
THE PICTURE WHICH WON THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME FOR 1919: "JEUNESSE ET VIEILLESSE,"  
BY M. LOUIS PIERRE RIGAL.

The French Académie des Beaux Arts recently awarded the Grand Prix de Rome, the "blue ribbon" of the art student, to M. Louis Pierre Rigal. The prescribed subject was "Jeunesse et Vieillesse," with a further explanatory instruction as follows: "Careless of the future, a joyous couple pass before an old man." The judges saw in M. Rigal's work

remarkable qualities of composition and colouring, which give great promise. He was born in 1888, at Marvéjols, Lozère, and has been a pupil of several distinguished painters—MM. Gabriel Ferrier, Sulpis, Marcel Baschet, and Laparra. He designed the cover for the Armistice number of "L'Illustration," Nov. 16, 1918.—[Photograph by Vizzanova.]



## SUBURBIA : SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN.— No. XIII.



AFTER CHURCH.



*"The Sketch" Series by Fontan: No. X.*



**BÉBÉ.**

FROM THE PAINTING BY LÉO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of the Reschal Galleries, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)



## FASHION AT VERSAILLES: THE



IN ITS LATEST FORM: TH

For once Fashion is being almost sensible and practical, as, now that autumn (and a coal-less autumn at that) is definitely here, she is launching some high-collar modes which render a walk in the Bois quite a comfortable proceeding, even in these chilly days. Checks are all to the fore, and some of the latest models are not satisfied with one black-and-white check design, but believe in contrasting chess-board with criss-



# THE PARISIENNE TAKES THE AIR.



## THE FRENCH TAILOR-MADE.

cross patterns. Stripes have their place on Fashion's schedule also; and there is a "dandy" note in the stocks and white waistcoats which some women wear successfully. Shoes are of the lightest and most frivolous high-heeled variety—even when worn with a mannishly plain suit, and representatives of the Hatless Brigade are occasionally to be seen in the Bois—possibly as a protest against the fantastic price of head-gear at the moment.



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## MAKING HER NAME IN REVUE: THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS TENOR.



## IN HER SUCCESSFUL PART AT THE "PAV.": MISS MARIE BURKE AS ISILDA.

Only this year musical London thrilled and "enthused" over our new English tenor, Mr. Tom Burke, who made such a success in the Peace Season Grand Opera at Covent Garden; while this autumn revue patrons are praising Mrs. Tom Burke, who made her stage début as Isilda, the

Spaniard, in "Afgar," at the London Pavilion. Mrs. Burke plays as "Marie Burke," and gets the full value of local colour into her part as the Spanish girl—notably in the concerted number on her first entrance, and in her "Valley in the Sunshine" solo.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



# NOT TO PERISH WITH "F.E."! WRIT-LESS



BARONESS DORCHESTER.



BARONESS DE ROS.



THE DUCHESS OF FIFE (PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT).



BARONESS CLIFTON OF LEIGHTON BROMSWOLD.



BARONESS BEAUMONT.



COUNTESS ROBERTS.



BARONESS ZOUCHE.

The twenty-four Peeresses of England, Scotland, and of the United Kingdom who hold rank in their own right were recently the subject of an amusing debate in the Lords, when the Commons' Amendment to the Sex Disqualification Bill, Clause 1, came up, and was thrown out, after the Lord Chancellor had explained that "Peeresses were unable to sit in their Lordships' House primarily . . . because they did not receive a writ summoning them, and because the patents that created them did not allow such a writ to be issued." He also touched on the often-threatened reform of



# PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



BARONESS WENTWORTH.



VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY.



BARONESS DARCY DE KNAYTH.



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.



BARONESS AMHERST OF HACKNEY.



BARONESS FAUCONBERG AND CONYERS.



VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA.

abolition of the Upper Chamber in the words, "If they [the House of Lords] were to be abolished, he thought he would rather perish in the exclusive company of persons of his own sex." Our page shows fourteen of the Ladies with whom Lord Birkenhead would prefer not to "perish"—the remaining ten are: Baroness Berkeley, Baroness Burton, Baroness Furnivall, Baroness Gray, Baroness Kinloss, Baroness Lucas of Crudwell, Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe, the Countess of Seafeld, Baroness Strathcona and Mount Royal, and Baroness Herries.

Turner and Drinkwater, Lallie Charles, Bassano, and Frank Higden.





AN increasing satisfaction is to be derived in these days from picture-shows—real pictures, you know; not battle, murder, and spots before the eyes, in the sense in which the expression "picture-shows" is used in Police Courts, when Rupert the Reckless (aged eight) and Young Alf, the gonfalonier of the Black Hand Gang, are charged with a misdemeanour involving the miscarriage of half-a-pound of apples and moral and intellectual damages for shock to the old lady who keeps the shop—and put in the statutory plea that they were misled by The Pictures. "Fanny's False Step," "The Blood-Letter," and "Muffled Shrieks" are all very well in their way. But they are not, in the sense which one is driving at, pictures.

Yes; there is advancingly more kick in pictorial art in these times, now that most of the conscientious paint-pushers have coughed up their *Kriegspiel* in order to satisfy the children as to what Daddy did in the Great War. The output of "Festubert: 2 a.m." and "The Ghost of Ypres" is dwindling, and reproductions of them are going the way of "Scotland for Ever" and "The Thin Red Line." Meanwhile, the oil and colour merchants who do it in studios rather than grocers' shops are left in peace with rapidly increasing opportunities to get back to the normal subjects (or objects) of their attention.

Grafton-wards, if you can pull yourself past the Medici window display, there is the Twenty-Ninth annual beanfeast of the Portrait



TO BE SOLD FOR ST. DUNSTAN'S: AN IMAGINATIVE PICTURE  
BY MISS DOROTHY VICAJI.

This remarkable picture by Miss Vicaji has been given to St. Dunstan's Academy by the artist. It is called "Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Vrai Roi." The dying Kaiser, supported by the late Crown Prince, is seen in the foreground, while Hindenburg and other German Generals are giving up their swords to the Divine Presence.

Painters (Royal Society of). In halls where the light-minded are vespertinally habituated to propel the neither particularly light nor conspicuously fantastic toe in the mazy dance you may pace

majestically past the profiles, the full-faces, the three-quarters, and the altogethers of the Great and Good. There is Lord Grey as seen by Mr. Fiddes Watt, in Garter robes, and looking a shade like Brutus in a rather over-dressed production of "Julius Cæsar." There is Lord Carisbrooke (*per* Eves, as they say in the Law Reports), efflorescent with vague amiability and a general air of being pleased to meet the people who stop and look at his canvas. General Monash presents to the public a Cyranotic fierceness; and Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson gives, *via* Mr. George Harcourt, a graceful farewell performance. General Ponsonby, with the most stimulating company on his left in the Centre Gallery, seems to be about to undertake a Spanish campaign—another side-show, but even the Old Army was hardly in the Peninsular War.

The family pride of Mr. J. J. Shannon, the President of the Society, must be responsible for the galaxy of little decorations by Mrs. Keigwin (*née* Miss Kitty Shannon) which adorn odd corners of the wall. Her work is coloured and misdrawn with that perfect modernity which apes the struggles of a primitive, and she has portrayed—it was a happy inspiration such as occurs to few—the Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, whose walls have also been bared for this show of her portrait by Shannon, J. J. Mr. John Collier has eschewed the primrose path of problems for the narrow way of portraiture, and shows us with one hand a gorgeous piece of heraldic colouring attached to a very retiring old gentleman, unspeakably embarrassed by his blatant clothing; whilst his other portrays—the picture seems to have been painted to music by Bizet—the Blue Carmen.

Anyway, it is a brisk show, with well-covered walls and lots of funny faces to laugh at. And isn't that enough in these coal-haunted, meat-ridden times? A portrait show is always amusing because of the pathetic efforts of the portraitees to be identified with their pictures. But, of course, the gifted painters of them generally see to that all right, and nobody would dream of taking the lop-eared, mousy little man in the green Homburg hat and nasty check overcoat to be the grave but ferocious Brigadier-General in full gents' brass-hattings with two air-raids and a gas-attack in the background; and the depressed-looking Sibyl in green gauze and an Old English Garden will never kid us that she was painted from that woman over there—no, not the lady with the misfit tortoiseshell spectacles; the other one—the one with the pug-nose and jolly cross-eyes. No. Art, my brethren, is a Great Power.

And a greater, in this material generation, is cooking. How it gladdens the heart of the quiet, contemplative person to see those busy financial courts round about the Throgmorton-cum-Copthall *Industriegebiet* empty their industrious contents into the Ritz of a Saturday forenoon for to take their ease and their lunch and their pipe and their bowl, what time that fiddlers three, kindly provided by a thoughtful management, discourse sweet noises imported from the United States of America. Their proud port, their stately mien, their rolling, financial eye (one or more, as the case may be), and their sumptuously upholstered ladies are a Lesson to All of Us. Quiet people go home and are found reading Smiles's "Self-Help" after the mere sight of them, and they help to make us all kinder and better, don't they?



TO BE REPRESENTED IN ST. DUNSTAN'S  
ACADEMY: MISS DOROTHY VICAJI.

Miss Dorothy Vicaji is one of the many well-known artists who have presented paintings and sculpture to the St. Dunstan's Academy. These gifts will be on view and sale at the Windsor Gallery, Baker Street, from Nov. 24.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



## AT EDEN HALL: THE DAUGHTERS OF COUNT RICCARDI-CUBITT.



1. ON THE TERRACE OF EDEN HALL: MISS THEODORA AND MISS MONICA CUBITT.

2. THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER: MISS MONICA CUBITT.

3. UNDER THE APPLE-TREE: MISS THEODORA CUBITT.

Miss Theodora and Miss Monica Cubitt are the two daughters of Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt; of Eden Hall, Edenbridge, Kent—which, by the way, is not the place of the famous "Luck of Eden Hall" story, as that historic mansion is in Cumberland. Countess Riccardi-Cubitt is the only surviving daughter of Colonel Count Riccardi, Hon. A.D.C. to the King of Italy. The title was granted to her in the

lifetime of her father by the King of Italy, with remainder to her male issue, and her husband was created Count of the Kingdom of Italy for life. Count and Countess Riccardi-Cubitt have one son, Captain Cyril Cubitt, M.C., Grenadier Guards, whose marriage to Miss Gladys Louisa Violet Crake, youngest daughter of Mrs. Barrington Crake, took place last week at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square.

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier.



# THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS

"THREE lumps of sugar for me, please," said Cynicuss, shaking his head. "You wouldn't have me become ferocious!"

"I think it would rather amuse me to see the primitive Cynicuss. What do you do when you are your worst self? Do you bite?"

Cynicuss did his best not to blush as he stirred the three lumps in his cup. "One does not need to be ferocious to bite," he said tentatively.

But I wasn't biting! "You speak in riddles, O wise youth! What has sugar to do with your good behaviour?" I queried.

"A lot, if we are to believe Mr. Justice Henry Neil," explained Cynicuss, helping himself to caviare sandwiches. "He maintains that, just as meat contributes to develop in us cruel and bellicose instincts, sugar renders us gentle and sweet and lamb-like."

"But lambs don't eat sugar!"

"Well—er—they would if they could get it!"

"I daresay; but the fact remains that they don't get it, and that their mild and inoffensive temperament must be attributed to—

grass! If I were you, Cynicuss, I'd drop those ham sandwiches and spurn the caviare ones too; here is some innocent cress (without mustard), which would, no doubt, add to your natural amiability."

But, with a deliberate absent-mindedness, Cynicuss ignored my argument. "It opens a most interesting field of experiment," he went on, while absorbing several morsels of the ignoble and despised pig. "Food, if Mr. Justice Neil is well informed, would then acquire an enormous importance."

"I thought it always had," I ventured.

The nervous suitor interviews the father of the girl he hopes to marry, armed with the sugar-bowl, having read that it renders one "gentle, sweet, and lamblike."

"Not at all," Cynicuss replied crushingly. "So far, humanity has eaten what it thought good, not what it thought would make it good! But once we recognise the influence of food not merely on frame or form, but on character, instead of hearing a mother say to her child, 'Eat this; it will do you good,' you'll hear her say, 'Eat this; it will make you good!'"

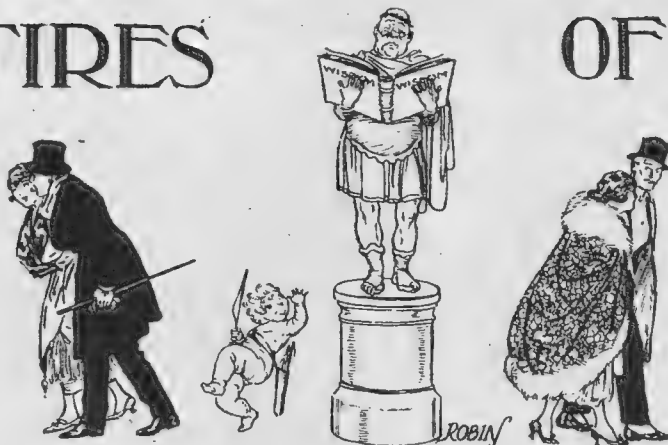
Cynicuss was warming up to his subject. "There is much more in this sugar-stunt than meets the eye—"

"Alas!" said I, gazing at my depleted sugar-basin.

"A fact which would seem to corroborate the view advanced by Mr. Justice Neil is that since we have been deprived of sugar, or at least restricted considerably, our temper has become noticeably less smooth and serene than when we could indulge in sweet things."

"Quite so," I acquiesced smilingly; "and, as it happened, that slump in sugar coincided with all sorts of restrictions and deprivations. If I remember right, we couldn't eat as much meat as we would have liked either, nor as much bread-and-butter, nor wear the same expensive frocks; and—and—there was even a war on, which was a trifle trying to the ordinary temper!"

"I was discussing sugar!" said Cynicuss, with some acidity, "and régime in relation with our personality."



## CUM GRANO SALIS.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

Calf's-brain would be a suitable diet to those in their second childhood, camel steak to the glutton, doves *en casserole* to the unfaithful, roast lion to the coward, *fricassée* of fox to the simple-minded, rabbit to the childless ménage—"

"Seriously," interrupted Cynicuss, "don't you think some expert 'Foodist' might revolutionise our mondial menu by giving to the world the favourite dish, the *plat de résistance*, of the great men of our and other epochs? Wouldn't you be curious to know of what consists the pet breakfast of Good-Will Wilson? Whether Lloyd George prefers beef or mutton? Upon what 'Le Tigre,' *alias* your Clemenceau, sharpens his teeth? And upon what sort of table was built Napoleon's Empire?"

"What power," Cynicuss continued, "cooks could have if they understood psychology! Why, they would hold the fate of their masters in the hollow of their —"

"Casserole!"

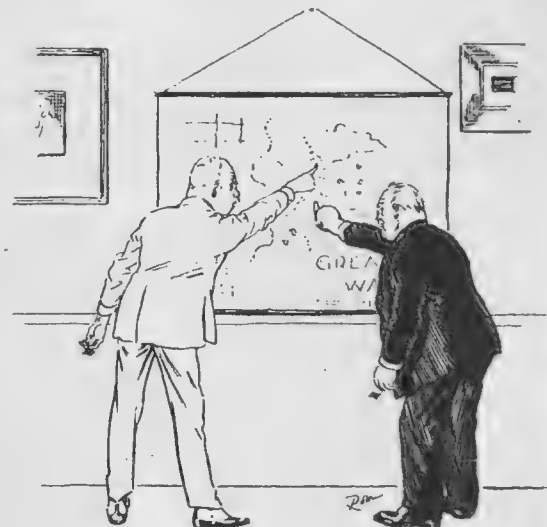
"They would indeed be chefs if, by their selection of viands and spices, they were able to form or reform the personality of their employers! Who knows, when Molière was reading his plays to his cook, whether it was not a tribute to the collaboration of her cookery? Now Bernard Shaw—he is a vegetarian, I know, but I wonder whether he takes sugar?"

"Pepper, probably; and attic salt of a certainty!" I answered. "What would interest me much more than the food of the gods would be that of the goddesses! Now, I know for a fact that Delysia recuperates her vitality as the wife of Afgar with plenty of new milk (she has fifty cows on her farm), butter (which she churns herself in her leisure hours!), and new-laid eggs. By the way, she promised me some and forgot to send them!"

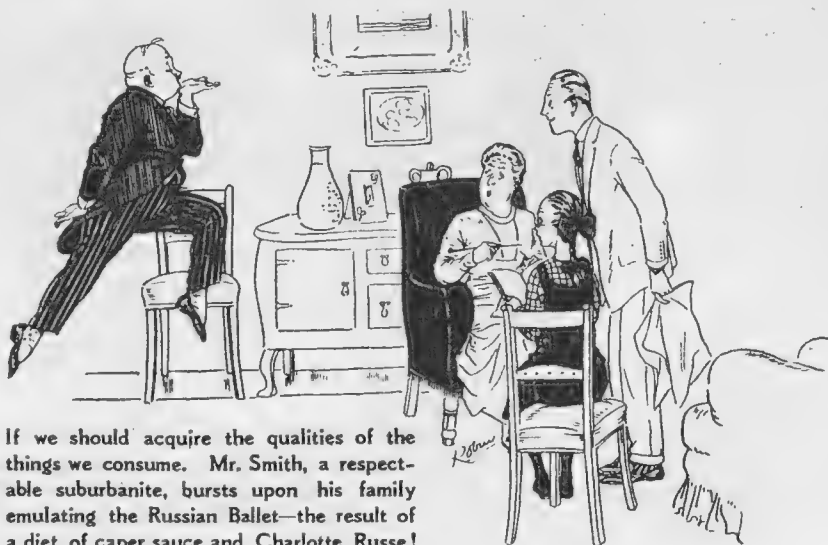
"She has other fish to fry," shrugged Cynicuss, mixing his metaphors. "What do you think Gaby Deslys likes best?" I asked.

"Pearls," he answered promptly. "But pearls are not a food, silly!"

"No," he grinned. "They are a disease!"



"There was even a war on—a trifle trying to the ordinary temper."



If we should acquire the qualities of the things we consume. Mr. Smith, a respectable suburbanite, bursts upon his family emulating the Russian Ballet—the result of a diet of caper sauce and Charlotte Russe!



# RAISON D'ÊTRE OF "BABY BUNTING": RICH UNCLE; "SPORTIBOY."



"TOUCHED" BY A NEPHEW WHO POSES AS A PATERFAMILIAS: MR. DAVY BURNABY AS SAMUEL GIGGLESWICK IN "BABY BUNTING," AT THE SHAFTESBURY; AND AS HIMSELF.

"Baby Bunting" is an infant borrowed for the occasion by Bunny Bunting, who, incidentally, borrows a wife at the same time, in order to impress his rich uncle, Samuel Giggleswick, and extract from him a bigger cheque than he would be likely to get as a bachelor. Samuel, it will be seen, is a genial

person and a bit of a "sportiboy." The part is admirably played by Mr. Davy Burnaby, of whom we give two portraits in the character, and one "in propria persona." "Baby Bunting" is a musical play founded on "Jane," by Harry Nicholls and W. Lestocq.—[Photos. Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



## FULL OF ERGS!



FRANK  
NEWBOULD  
9

THE INTRUDER: I say—that cure for flu in your paper last night—gargling with salt-and-water—er—perfectly topping idea.

THE EDITOR: Glad you're better.

THE INTRUDER: Not a bit of it, ol' bean! Gave me the finest thirst I've had since I left Messpot!

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.





## KEEP THE SPINDLES HUMMING

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## SILK AND SCARLET.

**B**EFORE proceeding to talk about the jumpers and their recent adventures over Aintree (they, of course, being the things upon which most interest will be centred till the Lincoln looms up out of the mists of winter) I am glad to see that a lady correspondent of the *Morning Post* has taken up a subject which I think was first broached in these notes—namely, the road made for the motorist, which is a veritable death-trap to anything else. My note was specially about the roads at Newmarket, which for the most part are not ideal for anything that wears horse-shoes, and I made so bold as to draw attention to the danger of serious damage to valuable property.

If a horse's legs go from under him on a slippery road, nothing can save him, and he is lucky if he does not meet with serious injury; for even if he does not hurt himself in the actual fall, he is very apt to sprain himself trying to get up. The average person has not the sense to pull his coat off and put it under a horse's feet. A horse-rug is, of course, better; but a coat "at a pinch" will give a horse some sort of purchase, and two coats are naturally better than one.

A horse gets up "front end" first; and if the wishful assistant in the catastrophe would remember this and help by holding a fallen horse's head down till someone else had put a coat or anything else that may come handy under the fore-feet, and another coat has been put somewhere as close to his hind-legs as possible, real aid would very often be rendered. The lady correspondent of your contemporary, who signed herself "A Hunting Woman," after saying very much the same thing as I did, wrote:—

"Then, as to hunting. Expenses have increased, and barbed wire is prevalent, but nothing, in my opinion, is so likely to make hunting impossible as the fact that to get horses to a meet, many miles away, over those iron-like and slippery roads is becoming a very considerable difficulty. May I suggest that, when the new roads are made, the motorists should be compelled to use them, and leave the old roads—from which the tar-mac will, I hope, have been removed—to the prehistoric people who still ride and drive the horse, and who still drive cattle to market, and who still would like to enjoy a walk on a summer's day on a high-road where no footpaths exist, without being covered with dust, inhaling the fumes of petrol, or getting sore feet from the iron-like surface."

I quite agree. Jumping in and out of a main road when hounds are running is, in my poor experience, as good as asking for a *bouleversement*, not by reason of the fences, but by reason of what lies in between. Last season, a friend of mine got just such a fall, and, the horse scrambling up quicker of the pair, the gallant rider was hung up by one of his irons. By good fortune I happened to have jumped into the road alongside of him, and was able to go to the rescue in time by jumping off and letting my own horse go. But this road was just such a "slide" as that of which the hunting lady writes. Personally, I would not knowingly jump into a main road these days; but unless you know the country very well indeed, it is not always possible to avoid meeting one of these patent stone or asphalt danger-traps.



BEFORE SNOW: LORD LONSDALE—AND CAP—AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS AT LOWTHER CASTLE.

Photograph by Topical.

I am also glad to observe that Mr. "Vigilant" of the *Sportsman*, on the initiative of a prominent Australian bookmaker, refers to another thing that was mentioned in these notes—the numbered saddle-cloth. It seems a bit incongruous that whilst this excellent device has been adopted by the N.H.C., it should not have been so under Jockey Club Rules. As a general thing, fields are far smaller in jump races than they are on the flat; and this being so, I should have thought that there was far more need for aids to identification where a big crowd is concerned than where a comparatively small number is affected. Again, in "furrin parts" the judges have always found the numbered cloths an additional aid. Of course, in a close thing, where three or four are all practically level as they pass the post, it is only the numbers of the horses closest to the box that are visible; but even that is sometimes a great aid. At some courses at which I have been racing, the judge has an assistant in the box with him whose duty it is to spot the placed ones principally, and the order of the rest. It was found to be a great aid to accuracy; and on the rough principle that two heads are always better than one, it must surely be so. Another thing about these numbered cloths in Australia and in India (the idea was borrowed from Australia by India), we had clean dry sets of them for every race, and no cloth was ever used twice in the same day. The reason for this is obvious. A horse might have the germs of some skin disease quite unknown to the trainer; and though these cloths go on last of all—bar the saddle—there are cases in which horses go out with no *numnahs*, or weight cloths, and there is the risk of infection. In any case, the clean cloth is a good rule. I should also, as I said the other day, like to see the Colonial

system of timing races adopted, because it is the only absolutely accurate one.

The same lever which releases the gate sets an electric stop-clock going just behind the judge's box, and as the winner passes the post, the judge presses a button which stops it. The stop-watch manipulated by hand can never be absolutely accurate, principally because of the angle, and also because nine people out of ten do not press the button at the very second that they see the gate go up; also in a great many cases visibility both in summer and in winter is not perfect. With this electric clock, however, absolute accuracy is assured.



AFTER SNOW: LORD LONSDALE AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS.

Owing to the heavy fall of snow, the trials had to be postponed.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

In this country we do not set much store by the clock, and in a great measure we have right on our side, as the courses in England are so diverse both in the consistency of their galloping surfaces and in their gradients; but it would nevertheless be of use to have accurate records of, say, what is good time on a dry day at Newmarket over a mile; and a similar record of what is good for the same distance at Epsom, Goodwood, or Ascot.

In America, Australia, and India, a good many jockeys and stable lads know to a second what pace they are going, each furlong they cover, and they know that the trainer also knows, because as a rule he is sitting with his glasses in one hand and his stop-watch in the other. One of the best proofs of the benefits of this system was the quick correction in false pace in races which was effected when the Yankee jockey first invaded us. Sims and Tod Sloan

[Continued on page 8.]



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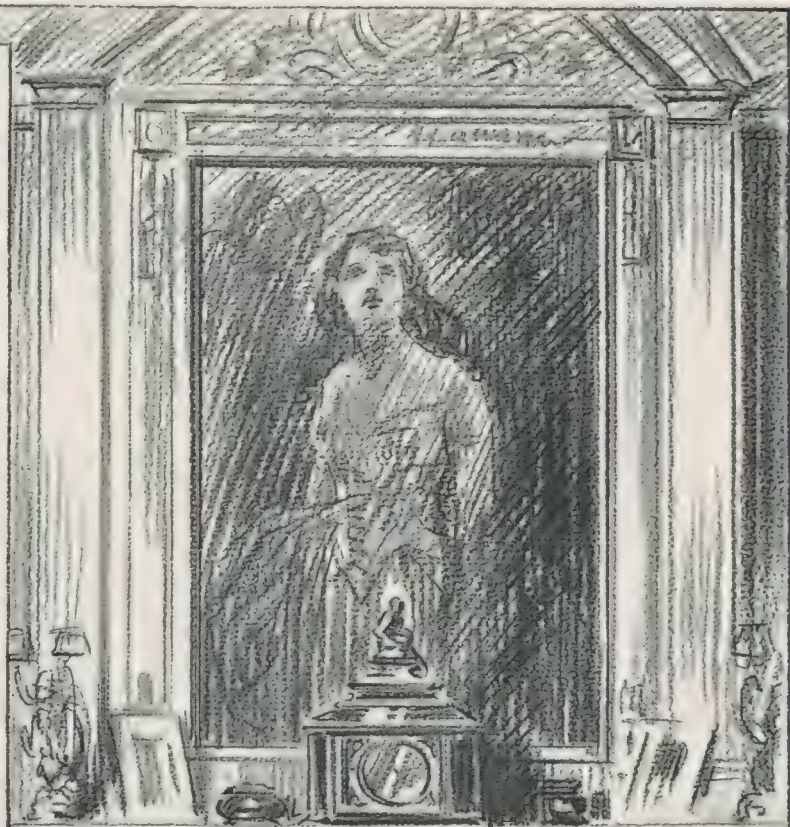


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## SQUADRON REUNIONS: OFFICERS AND MEN. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

A WEEK or two ago No. 8 Squadron R.N.A.S., later known as No. 208 Squadron R.A.F., held a Reunion Dinner which, one believes, is something new in the way of dinners among Service units in that it was not for officers only, but included N.C.O.s and men as well. The experiment was a howling success in every sense, if one may judge by the joyous noises which prevailed during and after the dinner. "No. 8 Naval," as it was commonly called, was perhaps an exceptional squadron in every way, and was therefore suitable ground for such an experiment; but the idea of including N.C.O.s and men in an annual reunion of naval or military units is one to be commended and followed.

### Talking Over Old Times.

There are some units, ships, regiments, battalions, or squadrons which would only re-assemble willingly from civilian life into their old Service formation for one purpose, and that would be the funeral of their former commanding officer. But there are many more—certainly the great majority of the units of the King's Services—who with a little inducement could be got together once a year to talk over old times, and to keep officers and men together in the old spirit of co-operation which won the war. So one commends the idea to all whom it may concern.

### No. 8's Commanding Officers.

"No. 8 Naval" was, as one has said, good ground for the experiment. To begin with, it has always had exceptionally good commanding officers. It began with a *pukka* naval officer, who put into it all the smartness of the Navy at its best. When he was promoted to command a wing, the command passed to a young officer who joined the R.N.A.S. as a civilian at the very beginning of the war, and proved to be not only a brilliant fighting pilot, but a born leader of men and an administrator as well—qualities which by no means always go together. He in turn was succeeded by another very capable officer, who performed the difficult feat of keeping up the moral of the squadron after the Armistice, when it was doing nothing in Germany for months on end. As evidence of which one of the speakers at the reunion told the many demobbed people who were present that the squadron had won the "transport competition" at the last Horse Show held by the Army of the Rhine. Which had nothing to do with flying, but showed that the spirit of competition was still maintained.

### As Good as a Circus.

Another point about "No. 8 Naval" is that it was the first R.N.A.S. squadron to be sent as a complete unit to co-operate with the R.F.C., at a time when the R.F.C. was short of fighting aeroplanes and was suffering rather badly from the Huns' "circuses." No. 8 was about as near an approach to the famous "Richthofen Circus" as anything that existed at the time. So far as pilots were concerned, it was better, and its machines were not very inferior, for at that period the R.N.A.S. supplied its own machines and engines (via the Admiralty), and was not tied down to the Air Board's choice. Also the R.N.A.S. pilots had months of extra training before going overseas, which no R.F.C. or R.A.F. pilot ever had. Consequently, when No. 8 appeared in the air it gave the Huns a rude shock, and helped very materially to brighten the outlook of the overworked R.F.C. pilots. Which also gave the squadron a good opinion of itself, and made the men keen on doing their best to keep

the squadron machines in the best possible order.

### Esprit de Corps in Civil Life.

The result was that the men took a personal interest in their officers, and the officers trusted their men, and so a feeling of mutual esteem arose which was plainly evident at the squadron reunion. So good was the squadron in the field that for some months just before the Armistice it brought down more enemy machines in each month than had ever been bagged by any other squadron of the R.N.A.S., R.F.C., or R.A.F. Such being the case,

it was natural that the personnel should be glad of the chance of meeting again. The idea of providing that chance originated with one of the previous C.O.s, and, with the help of one of his former N.C.O.s, he managed to get nearly two hundred one-time members of the squadron together. The first C.O. capped the idea by suggesting that those present should form themselves into a little society for mutual help amid the perils and troubles of civilian life. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm, and now there is actually in being a body to which any former member of the squadron who is down on his luck can appeal for help by right of comradeship. The idea of officers and men holding together and helping one another in civil life is one which is well worth developing. Something of the same kind is done in a bigger way by such organisations as the "Comrades of the Great War"; but "happy family" gatherings of individual units have also much to recommend them. One hopes that other squadrons will follow suit.



THE GERMAN AND CIVIL AVIATION: AN AIR TAXI.

The German is, of course, going in for Civil Aviation, and has already begun to fly "Air Taxis," which fly from Frankfort to Holland. Our photograph shows the luxurious body of the first aeroplane taxi and two German patrons of it.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]





## From all corners

of the Kingdom come letters of appreciation of Hall's Wine—from doctors, nurses and patients. The testimonials from medical men alone would fill many volumes. They are evidence of the high opinion of Hall's Wine held by doctors throughout the country. Nothing could be more eloquent of the outstanding merit of Hall's Wine—nothing could more satisfactorily proclaim its supreme value.

*Below we give selections from a few of these letters from medical men:—*

"I should strongly advise Hall's Wine; an excellent tonic for slow action of the heart."

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A doctor declares: "It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

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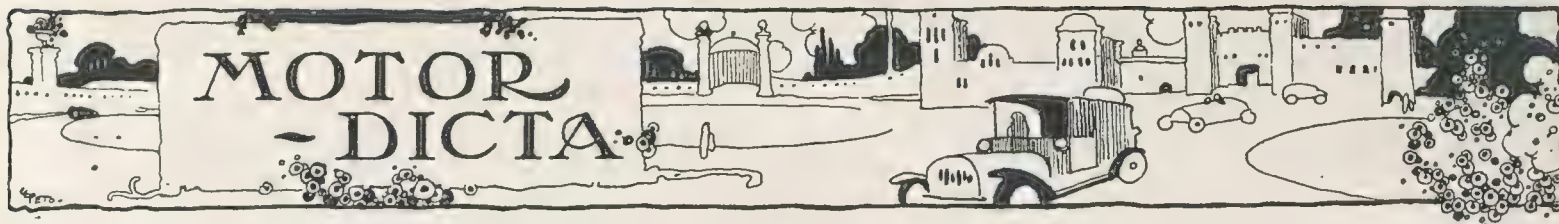
Every effort is being made to satisfy the increasing volume of orders for Hall's Wine, but as the demand exceeds available supplies, the public are asked to have patience.

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## A HECTIC OLYMPIAD: PRICES SOARING. BY GERALD BISS.

**I** HARDLY know how to assess this hectic Olympia just past. It was in the main a whited sepulchre, beautifully painted: a magnificent piece of commercial camouflage—practically nothing to sell, no possible security of delivery dates, prices rising daily with preposterous leaps—or, at best, "approx." with power to increase, which never makes for the greater benefit of the poor purchaser; yet, nevertheless, folk trampling across each other's fallen bodies and willing to go to any excess in their auto-voracity. Manners! Bless you, my merry masters, nowadays people either have money or manners—never both at once; and it was money that paid the piper and called the tune at the recent Olympian revels and the most replete sardine-jazz ever seen in the murky Metropolis. None the less, however, I must protest that a frightful lot of piffle was put into print in yellow type anent the huge premiums asked on the stands for early delivery. That was so in the early immoral and unfledged days of automobile finance; but nowadays the "M.T.A." insists upon fixed prices, and any firm openly taking premiums or discovered to be doing so under the rose finds itself upon that horrid institution, the motor blacklist—tantamount to auto-suicide. It is being done by some agents, I know; and they are taking the risk of immolation and paying the supreme penalty if found out. But the blatant advertisements in the *Times* Agony Column offering to sell delivery dates or new cars at any old premium from £1000 upwards emanate from amateurs, I fear, or bucket-shop profiteers out as premium-snatchers, and only in the business so long as shortage of supplies makes pocket-picking profitable. As it is, I wot of one case very high up in the social scale occupying the Great Portland Street Parliament of the Motor Trade, which will cause quite some small sensation if published in due course. The manufacturer himself is very sore and raw about the whole matter.

### Incidence of the Price-Jump.

As for prices going up, the Rolls-Royce, which not so long ago announced itself at £1450, and then recently jumped to £1575, Olympia blandly boiled over and added another £275 to its chassis price, making it £1850, synchronously with its denial that it intends to build a cheap 20-h.p. model, incidentally ousting the Napier from the pride of price and once more topping the bill, which the New Rich are only too eager to foot. So long as they don't mind, what matter to the rest of the world who cannot aspire so high? On the other hand, it is far harder to bear on the part of the patient man of the New Poor régime, who has had his name down for months for

an Austin, and seen it over one £100 rise, only to have another put across him at Olympia, no matter how long he has been waiting; or one in similar financial straits who has banked upon the mass-production of the 14-h.p. Angus-Sanderson at £450 and gurgled inwardly over all the nice things written about it, to find it "plus £125" when he went to feast his hungry eyes upon the harbinger of his future auto upon its overcrowded stand, there to chew the cud financial and wonder whether Bradburys will run to it when the day of delivery draws nigh. There are other more or less similar hard cases; but I still maintain that, though it did pop up a mild

"sixty" of the once best and brightest on the eve of Olympia, and tried to carry it off with quippish nonchalance at the expense of the public, the Armstrong-Siddeley chassis at £720 was the best value for money at the Show; and I am not the only one who thinks so. But, to temper severe justice with high praise, I do not care for the lines either of body or bonnet of the "A.S." as shown.

**The Royal Rolls-Roysterers.** And what was it the ladies liked so much?

Well, I dare guarantee nothing was more popular with them than the bodies, some of which were wonderful, though built in most cases under conditions of equal difficulty to the chassis. To me it was interesting to see a couple of Cunard Pullman-limousines and a torpedo, which a bare three weeks before the Show I had seen very much in the rough, all spick-and-span and glossy, beautifully upholstered and accoutred, when I had had my doubts as to whether they could be ready in time and at their brightest and best. The Prince of Wales's two Rolls-Royce bodies—I should like to be a Prince, and have not one, but a brace of Rolls-Roysterers!—were naturally big draws to the women, even as jam-pots to flies; and the fitments and frills aboard the saloon-limousine made the romantic to cackle furiously,

as it did not resemble the monkish severity of the Heir-Apparent's previous excursions into automobilism. Paradoxically enough, the new body on the Queen of Rumania's Rolls-Royce, also a Barker, was a complete contrast, and of a highly sporting order for a Queen, with its high-polished, racy-looking torpedo-boat body of dark mahogany, and its long aluminium bonnet tapering back into the lines of the hood. It has quite a rorty-torty, K'nuttish cut about its jib; and I particularly admired the leather upholstery to match, with its graining and antique finish—and only about £800 on top of the Rolls' £1850! When I am a Lord of Labour, I shall have one of each.



NOT EVERY MOTORIST'S AMBITION: A CAR LEAPING A GAP IN A BROKEN BRIDGE OVER A RAVINE—FOR THE FILMS.

A previous attempt to perform this breathless feat, for a film play, had disastrous results, for the car, not having gained enough momentum to leap the gap, crashed into the ravine 100 ft. below. Our photograph shows a car clearing the gap at the second attempt.

Photograph by I.B.



# Fine French Furniture at Harrods

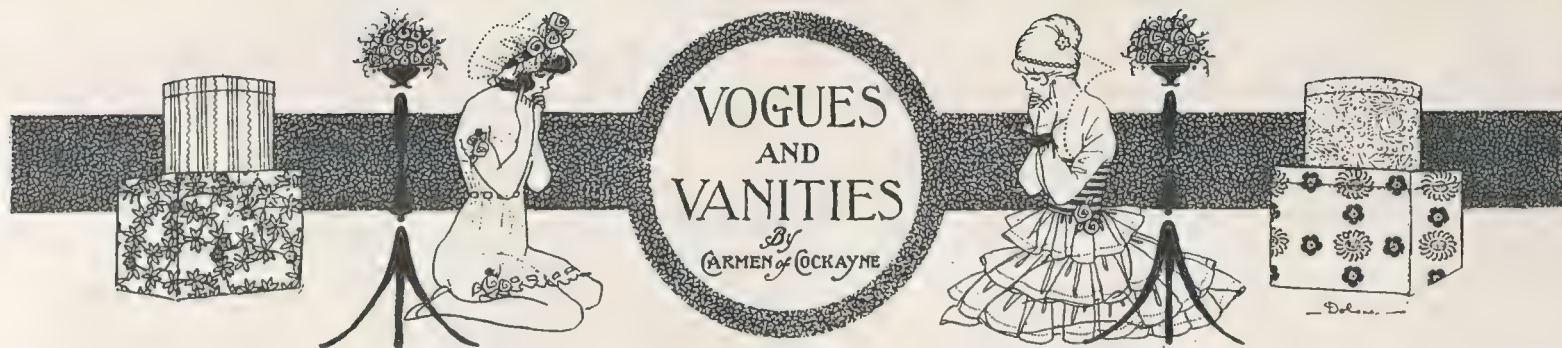


*TO the connoisseur, the style of the Louis Seize period has always appealed. Inspired largely by classical models, it is at once the most restrained and most dignified of all the styles of the Louis periods, yet it possesses in pleasing degree that inimitable touch of elegance characteristic of the finest French designs.*

*The COMMODE in the illustration is of mahogany, with quartered front and marble top, relieved by finely-chased metal mountings. The carved and gilded MIRROR is an exquisite piece of workmanship, and the CHAIR is one of a set of four, with Settee to match, covered in Aubusson tapestry. These and other beautiful examples of this Period may be inspected in the Furniture Galleries at Harrods.*

## HARRODS





**As It Used to Be.** There used to be many ways of telling the "real lady." Perhaps it would be more correct to say that different people had different "tests" which they applied with a view to discovering the genuine article, though what happiness they got from the business has always remained more or less of a mystery. Anyhow, the same sort of people have come along with a new theory. The war, it seems, has done something more than convulse trade and upset the balance of the working classes. It has made the business of telling the "real lady" far, far more difficult than it ever was before.

**As It Is.** Now that every shop-girl owns a manicure set, and the greatest dress houses admit quite frankly that Mrs. Newrich and others like her are their best and most extravagant customers, old standards have gone by the boards. With eight out of ten women exhibiting shiny nails, the manicure test is no longer an infallible guide; and expensive clothes had, even before the war, ceased to be an indication of birth and breeding. But—and the theory was advanced in all seriousness by a famous dress artist the other day—the hat makes the lady;

or rather, helps you to tell the lady.

**The Theory.** After all, if you come to examine it, there is a good deal in the theory. Only the woman who is perfectly sure of her social position can afford to wear a hat at an angle that is becoming rather than fashionable; just as it's a matter of indifference to her whether her clothes, so long as she looks nice in them, are of the latest Paris cut. So next time you see some

poor dear the poise of whose hat is modish

A Chinese hat specially designed for the "thé dansant," with a piece of cornelian at the end of its long tassel.

but palpably uncomfortable, it's quite possible that she is one of those unfortunate ones who are finding the road to ladydom rather uncomfortable to tread.

#### Some Compensation.

But personally I'm inclined to the old idea put forward in the song that "it's the hat that makes the lady"; and if the hats at Gooch's, in Brompton Road, don't do it every time, the subject is a hopeless case and had better decide to be whatever Nature intended. To come down to realities, the season of "heavy" hats is quickly passing away, and the reign of the toque and the cap, the perky tam and the lace-trimmed model, is fairly established. The dancing craze has something to do with it. You can't expect partners to put up with the risk to face and eyes attendant on a sharp brim. Moreover, the small hat, properly trimmed, does help to do away with the "naked" look consequent on the presence of a low-cut day dress, whereas a large hat helps to emphasise it. Dolores' sketches help to explain how these things can be.

A jaunty tassel (weighted, it may be, with a lump of amber or chains of beads) falling down over the side of the face and along the neck breaks the wide expanse of skin that many women find so trying. As an alternative, a bunch of osprey that reaches almost to the shoulder does wonders in adding to looks or making up for the want of them; and the latest model, all of black ribbon, has a giant bow that is capable of hiding deficiencies as well as emphasising good points.

**Engrossing Attention.** Attention in the millinery world is for the moment chiefly concentrated on hats for the South and Cairo and dancing headgear. The smartest woman is she who owns a tinsel brocade toque, which is something that no one who aspires to be considered well dressed can afford to be without. Unlike some fashionable things, they are lovely to look at as well as *chic* to wear. One model with motifs in rose and amber and green scattered over its ciel-blue surface has a short flowing veil to add to its charms; and at Gooch's they use mole-shot gold and silver brocade as the background for embroidery in Chinese colourings, the material afterwards being transformed into a smart toque, with a long cornelian-weighted tassel.

#### Comfort for the Shocked.

Here's comfort for those who are shocked at the flagrant exposure of "back" that is a feature of fashion just now. Very few women, one fears, have anything worth showing in the back line; but, with her usual consideration, the Mode has stepped into the breach. The kindly qualities of pink tulle as a beautifier of a not too perfect skin are well known. Black tulle, too, can give a pleasing illusion

of beauty where beauty is not. All of which leads me up to the new evening head-dress and back veil combined. If you want to be fashionable, and feel your skin is not equal to the fierce light that shines on bare shoulders, the solution lies in the new head-dress in which a sort of Roumanian coronet of black and grey jet beads is allied with a length of tulle. The latter material forms a transparent crown, and is finished with a jet bracelet at the other end. The tulle, wound about the shoulders and neck, is finally brought to anchor at the wrist. It is not thick enough to hide nature, but quite thick enough to prevent any blemish from being too emphatically visible.

**Extremes Match.** Extremes in the dress world must match. With skirts becoming more and more addicted to trouser-like effects, it's only natural that toques should take on an Eastern note. Gold tinsel is well adapted for the purpose, and a folded turban-like model has a brown, draped visor veil to help the Turkish illusion; a cap, chiefly of moleskin, has whorls of brown and green and crimson and blue and yellow ribbon, shot with gold, arranged in close formation over the top of the crown.



This hat combines the useful with the elegant, as it can be packed quite flat for travelling.



Moleskin and a knot of jade-coloured ostrich-plumes go to the fashioning of this little hat.

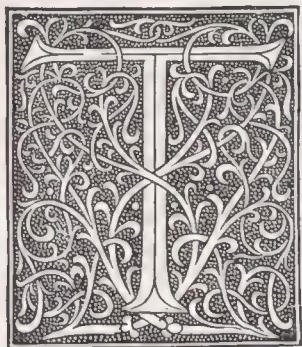


The East continues to be the source of inspiration for hats as well as dresses.





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DURBAN & SHANGHAI



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### The Cow Question.

In the great interest taken in all our distinguished visitors of late, it was surely a great pity to include a few insignificant Germans here by permission of our own Government and, ostensibly, for a benevolent purpose. They were apparently very shy gentlemen; but really, no doubt, with their tongues in their cheeks—to use a vulgarism—were thoroughly enjoying the fine free advertisement so generously bestowed upon them. The Germans appreciated the uses of advertisement long before we did, and appreciate them now more than ever. We had people of real importance to fuss over, and we might have let that suffice for us.

### Warmest Wear.

Doctors who know their business, and have had pandering to fashionable patients knocked, at least temporarily, out of their heads, are very indignant over the craze for ethereal underclothing which has seized upon the foolish young women of the day. Dainty underwear women will always love, but our raw, damp winter is the time for wool. Wool is Wolsey, and medicos say, "Well, if you will court influenza pneumonia you mustn't be surprised if it responds." Wolsey underwear is the real protection. It is soft, it is unshrinkable, it is British, and it is the best. Dainty camisoles and knickers can be worn over it, but it makes the real defence against chill, which encourages the Flu Fiend's attack. In these days cheapness is no recommendation: it would seem that we all learned a lesson by pre-war German and Austrian substitute cheapness. Wolsey underwear costs a little more than it did. If it cost double, it would be well worth it, for it gives comfort, and saves us from doctors' bills, illness, nasty medicines, and missing all kinds of fun.

### A Vile Murder.

The other day I had occasion to make a short trip to Brighton. It was a foggy, horrid morning. Down there there was a brighter atmosphere, but not a clear one. Not many people were about, and an inhabitant told me that the Brighton season is now a week-end affair, although the place is always more or less full. What struck me was the number of fur coats I saw—not last season's furs, but the latest of the models for this.



Seal-musquash trimmed with skunk always makes an ideal coat.

There were few to be seen that cost less than £100; many that cost much more. In the train coming home a woman wore a superb mink one that was never purchased under £700, her Russian sable muff represented another £400, there were jewels worth heaps more—altogether she was expensive, there were no two ways about that. In person she was not attractive, and when she spoke she did let the cat out of that lovely fur bag, for the King's English she did most vilely murder.

### Dine and Do Well.

Let as many millionaires as possible dine on Dec. 9 at the ladies' dinner in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, over which Princess Alice Countess of Athlone will preside. It is a complement to the meal over which the Prince of Wales will preside at the Savoy on the same evening in aid of the same splendid institution. The Middlesex record is a noble one; it is an old hospital with everything up to date except the accommodation, which is inadequate. Also, high prices have adversely affected its finances, and money is wanted. We all know there is lots about, and here is a chance to kill two very fine birds with one stone—help this grand old London institution, and prove that women and a Princess can do nearly as well as men and a Prince. We shall never have a worthier or a pleasanter occasion for friendly rivalry—and oh, do let us hope that Viscountess Astor can be induced to lead the after-dinner speeches! [Continued overleaf.]

## THE FASCINATION OF PELMANISM.

BY LILLAH McCARTHY.

PELMANISM is a most absorbing game, and one which each player can learn for himself or herself. The Pelmanist does not enter a class and receive instruction in the old-fashioned way; the complete course can be carried out at home. At any convenient moment one may take up the Little Grey Books and enjoy real mental recreation—to employ that much-abused word in its proper sense. Surely, when pleasure and instruction can be combined—when, in addition to acquiring knowledge which will stand us in good stead throughout our entire lives, we can also find the most intense interest and enjoyment in its study—a double purpose is served. But, in my experience, Pelmanism does more than educate in the ordinary sense of the term. It recreates the mind, fills one with a new energy for work, stimulates one to a greater determination of will-power, and increases the capacity for concentration.

In all professions—certainly in mine, one is called upon to work extremely hard nowadays. As a result, every now and again we reach a point when the capacity for physical effort is strained to the utmost. When that sense of weariness comes upon us, and with it the inclination to give up everything, to do nothing but listen to the birds singing and occasionally pull a weed from a bed of pansies, it is Nature's warning to reduce the pressure. At such times ordinary prudence tells us we should allow the body its much needed rest, and rest is often best secured by change of occupation.

Let us try to take our minds completely off the worries of everyday life, trying instead to find a fresh mental outlook, to see our worries in a more hopeful light and seek a remedy for their alleviation. My experience has been that wonderful cheer and stimulus can be discovered in the Little Grey Books. Pelmanism is now my Sunday recreation—twelve Pelman books and a garden chair. As the sun goes down and the wind gets a little cold, I

put on a warm, woolly jacket, take a dose of this new mental tonic, and at once experience a sense of rest and content. After this pleasant exercise I feel braced up, ready for my week's work, and sure that I shall be able to do my best. That is the secret I have learnt from Pelmanism—it makes you do your best; and, moreover, it makes your best better than you thought it possible to be. I am now a Pelman enthusiast, and am prescribing my remedy wherever and whenever I encounter a friend who would be better for it (there are many who would).

At the theatre recently we had to produce a new play at short notice—no easy matter. At once I encouraged each member of the company to learn his or her part with the aid of the Pelman System. The result was we became a very merry company indeed, working together and memorising our parts as easily and naturally as playing cricket.

We all experience the time when body and mind feel as if they had been worked to their limit, when the pressure of life seems to overwhelm us. At such times we are apt to turn in despair, asking ourselves whether, after all, it is worth while. It is then that Pelmanism can point a way to a serener outlook. It takes us in hand, so to speak, reasons with us calmly, and gives us fresh hope.

And the great point is that its help and comfort is so readily obtainable. When my effort flags, I can turn to the lesson on Energy to find the way out. If my will-power seems weak, or concentration is impossible, I again search the pages of the lesson-books to draw from them the sustenance of which I stand in need. To the Pelmanist, life takes on a deeper and

fuller meaning—we learn to see it sanely and to see it whole.

"Mind and Memory," which contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of Pelmanism, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "The Sketch" who applies to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Write or call to-day.



Foulsham and Bayfield.

A CAMERA-STUDY OF MISS LILLAH McCARTHY.

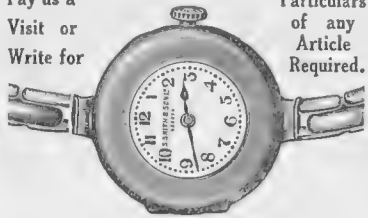


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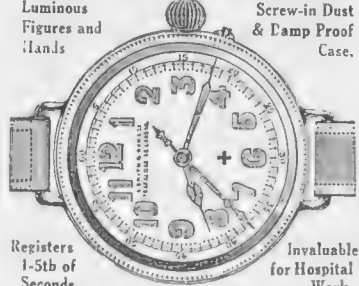
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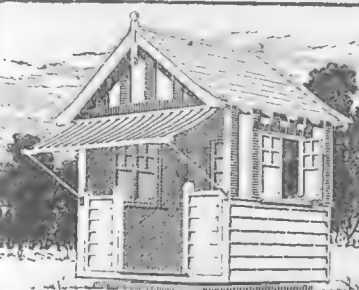
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# The Fashion in FURS

There is a big diversity of styles in the new Capes for this season, ranging from the short shoulder Cape to the long stylish Cape-wrap that can be worn in two or three different ways. The Furs illustrated are typical examples of the great variety of exquisite models to be seen in the salons at 163 and 165, Regent St., London, W.1.

**ILLUSTRATED FUR-BOOK** sent post free on request.

No 1 shows a stylish and elegant Skunk Tie, beautifully worked in three strands as sketch, lined throughout with rich, soft, black gathered satin. Price from £40

Muff to match from £13 10s.

No 2 is a smart and stylish Cape in fine quality Skunk—rather short in front with a pronounced dip at the back. Lined with rich brocade velvet. Price £135



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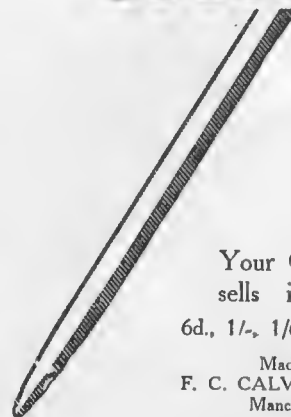
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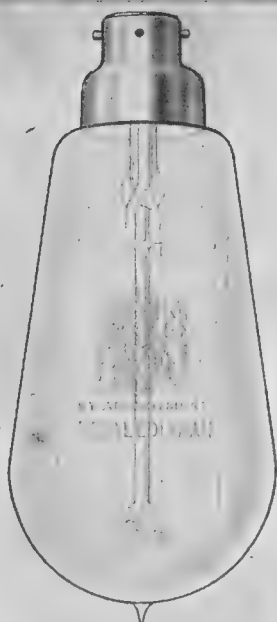


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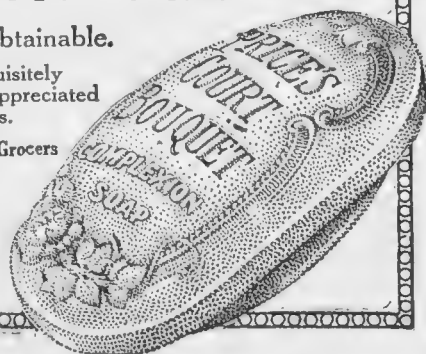
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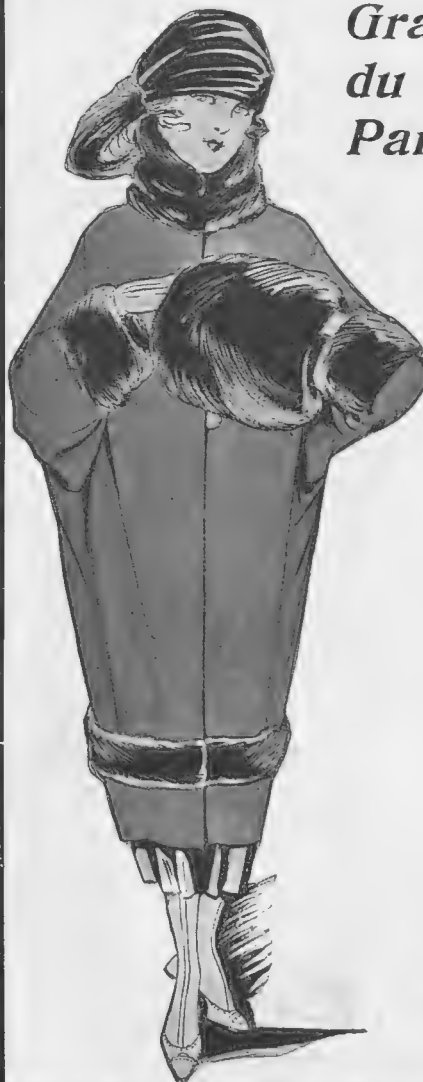
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**HIS MASTER'S VOICE** Gramophone never tires ; it plays dance music in absolutely perfect time—and never varies—a faultless orchestra with an endless repertoire.

An enormous variety of popular dance music has been recorded, including the latest and most fascinating numbers. Ask your dealer to play over a few dances and to give you a current list of records.

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PURE SILK



*J.W. Benson Ltd.*

Choice Diamond or Diamond and Pearl Earrings

£55

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Selections sent on approval

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No. 1.—Necklet of famous Ciro Pearls (16 in. long) price £1.1.0  
Gold Clasp, 2/6 extra.

# Ciro Pearls

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MOST ACCEPTABLE  
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PUT THEM BESIDE ANY REAL PEARLS,  
OR ANY OTHER ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

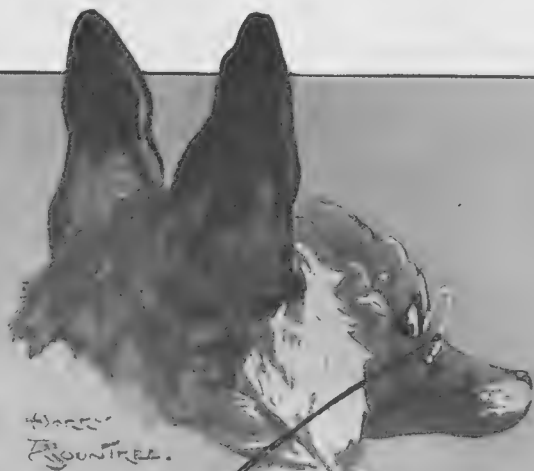
If they are not equal to the real, or superior to the other artificial pearls, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

We will send you a necklet, a ring, or any jewel of Ciro Pearls upon receipt of £1.1.0.

Our Provincial customers may send their orders by the post and will receive the same attention as if they called upon us personally.

OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET No. 5, WILL INTEREST YOU.

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(Tele: Gerr. 3077) CIRO PEARLS LTD (Dept. 5).



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at the notion that a weathercoat has any right to lose its proofing however long in service.

Dexter proofing means proofed in the yarn . . . in the piece . . . and in the garment . . . Proofed for Service . . . Guaranteed to last as long as the hard-wearing garment.

The Dexter keeps, too, its 'thorobred' look . . . keeps its graceful lines, the smart finish imparted by the Dexter fine hand-tailoring.

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WEATHERPROOFS

Leading Outfitters Everywhere.

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CATHCART, GLASGOW  
WHOLESALE ONLY





Continued.]

### An Eastern Dream.

A sign of the times is that, at a big establishment like Marshall and Snelgrove's, once upon a time looked upon as almost stodgily good and devoted to the interests of Britain's matronhood and the girls it matronised according to Victorian ideas, one is now shown quite casually resting with Turkish trousers as undergarment, and long tunics over. "M. and S." have walked with the times, and when it is a question of fashion they out-run them. Seldom has anything prettier been seen than a tea-gown of russet velvet bordered with soft brown fur in a long tunic, with a belt of garnet-and-gold brocade, over a pair of georgette Turkish trousers the same colour, with anklets of brown fur. If the client were not quite educated up to the trousers, there was an underskirt; but the trousers were the *cachet*, and a pair of garnet-and-gold brocade shoes would complete an Eastern dream of a winter boudoir costume.

### Face Value.

Really interesting women are more than pretty; they are beautiful, and one thoroughly enjoys watching them. French women owe much of their fascination to the fact that they express so much of what they feel by face and by gesture. A tradition of old standing among our own best-bred women that it was beneath their dignity to express any emotion is happily passing out, with a result of much improvement in the interest with which we meet them. The prevailing expression just now is a bright one, but it varies pleasantly according to the subjects discussed. I am told that one of the most modern movements induced by the cult of the film, and not that of the Cubist, is the expressiveness of the face. How it is inculcated I have not heard; presumably by a



Her cerise-and-silver shot dress is short in order to allow her to dance with perfect freedom, and full round the hips to give her the correct silhouette.

training in ways of facially expressing different emotions. If it is widely embraced and proves successful, we shall all be eligible for film artists.

### Churchwomen.

We find the new University men and women a very different set from the old ones. Our five years of tragic memory have made their mark among them. They are not pessimists, these undergrads—I will not write undergradesses, for we are to stand equally and shoulder to shoulder in the years to come. They are enthusiasts for a better world, and are in themselves a good sign that it is coming. At a tea-party at Oxford a few afternoons back a tall and handsome Girton girl said she was preparing for the Church. "Good luck, my poor dear, you will never get in there!" said a man who was her cousin. "I don't care if I get in or not—as it is now, I would rather not; but I am preparing to do the work of the Church—not the Anglican or the Roman or any other distinctive Church, but one in the wide, big sense of the years we are going to live." It was a bold saying for a tall, handsome girl, but it gave us to think, and some concluded that she was right.

### The Gnomes of Angel-land.

Has anyone ever seen anything quite so ducky as wee children are now? Their long leggings right up to their waists, and their little cosy coats of blanket-cloth to match, and their little caps or sensible bonnet-shaped hats, make them look like happy little gnomes playing about, and making colour and sunshine on our dark days. A red one and a little yellow one and a little green one, two or three browns, and a fawn or two make up a group of rare fascination. A white pair of long leggings all in one, with a warm inner tunic, with a little white fur coat and a white fur cap on a fair, curly-haired, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked youngster is a delight to see. Whether it is the pretty clothing of them, or

[Continued overleaf.]



The "body" of Coalport china is very like that of Sèvres, and an amusing story is told of one of the proprietors, who, in order to show his foreman how much room there was for improvement in their imitations, paid £600 for a piece of the famous French ware, only to find that it was "Coalport."

The design on this "Old Bleach" Damask was inspired by the raised border (a typical feature in Coalport) on a modern dish, the centre containing roses, which have had to be omitted for the present purpose.



TRADE MARK.  
The Trade Mark "Old Bleach" is stamped on every article except Table Damasks, which have the above Mark woven in the four corners.

**"OLD BLEACH"**  
PURE IRISH LINEN DAMASK

Made only by  
THE "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO., LTD.  
RANDALSTOWN IRELAND

GUARANTEE.  
We unreservedly guarantee to replace those goods with which for any reason whatsoever the purchaser is dissatisfied, provided they bear when sold the registered Trade Mark "OLD BLEACH" or woven brand.



## Damask Tablecloth Designs

### Old English Series

TO produce the exquisite quality defined by "Old Bleach," the linen is sun and grass bleached, and produced by the old slow, gentle methods which gave the linens of long ago their just fame.

The "Coalport" design illustrated can be obtained at—

LONDON	..	Peter Robinson, Ltd, Oxford Street.
"	..	Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge.
"	..	Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queens Road, Bayswater.
EDINBURGH	..	Robert Maule & Sons.
HULL	..	Thornton Varley & Co.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	..	James Coxon & Co., Ltd.
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COUNTRY LIFE, 11/10/19.

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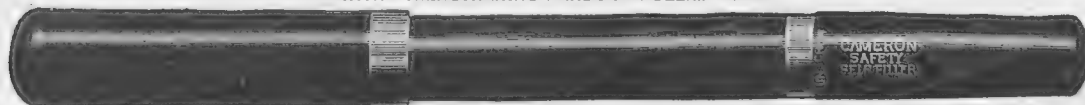
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IN VELVET LINED CASE



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Safety Self Fillers

"THE GUINEA PEN"  
WITH STRENGTHENING BANDS IN ROLLED GOLD



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KIRBY, BEARD & CO., 5 RUE AUBER



*Continued.]*

whether hygiene is better understood than it was and is more practised, the race of British children seems more beautiful than ever, justifying the ancient theory that they gained for our island the title of Angel-land, later our own beloved England.

**Not Dismayed.** The woman who bewails the great cost of furs because her woman's heart longs for the beauty of them, and her woman's body yearns for their luxurious comfort, need not be dismayed. At Zerdin and Co., 74-84, Oxford St., she will discern beautiful furs which she will find herself able to afford. The firm is a Russian one of long and high standing; their principle is to give the very best value, and very thoroughly they carry it out. An elegant up-to-date moleskin wrap, beautifully worked and lined, costs there 20 guineas, and a large pillow muff to match 15 guineas. Seeing them, it is difficult to know how it can be done. A handsome set, beautifully worked in dark, natural, silky skunk-skins, is 48 guineas, the stole four strands wide, and the pillow-muff large and handsome. A mole coney coat of fine quality picked skins, with a deep cape-collar and cuffs, the coat forty-two inches long, and lined with good merv, is 29 guineas. There is an illustrated book issued by the firm showing



MRS. ALMA VECERA STEANE, WHOSE TRAGIC DEATH OCCURRED AFTER A VICTORY DANCE.

Mrs. Alma Steane was the wife of Captain Steane, whom she married two months ago. She was formerly Mrs. Hayne. Her first marriage was dissolved in America. Her death occurred after she had attended a Victory Ball in London.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

many an investment wonderfully sound from the points of appearance and value.

**And Very Nice Too.** There is no need to apologise for making

another reference to the Golden Ballot. Personally, I consider I'm doing my fellow-creatures a bit of a good turn when I'm giving information that may possibly lead to their benefiting to the extent of a free meal a week for a year at the Savoy, a holiday abroad, and other delights of that kind for the modest expenditure of 5s. But it has been left to Mrs. John D. Campbell to find out an entirely novel form of "prize." A consignment of flowers a week for a year from a certain celebrated Regent Street florist is the kind of present that does not often come the way of ordinary folk. But the promise of the gift has been added to the long list of Golden Ballot prizes, and is an inducement likely to tempt the most cautious of non-gamblers. The giver of the prize has a great deal of beauty about her lovely house, Upper Gatton Park, near Reigate. No doubt it helps her to realise just how much others, less fortunate than herself, would appreciate an all-the-year-round supply of flowers, for in this era of high prices, many women have had to get used to flowerless drawing-rooms.



## Smooth, White Hands

Favourite Pre-War Preparation  
again available at Chemists.

Before the War Pomeroy Safâda made hosts of friends. Everyone who tried it liked it. With its aid the hands were easily kept white, smooth, and soft, even in the severest weather. Quickly the use of Pomeroy Safâda became, in well-informed circles, an indispensable part of the toilet.

During the War, when the need of such an effective preparation was perhaps greater than ever, Government restrictions stopped the production of Safâda.

But now the restrictions are removed, and Pomeroy Safâda is again easy to obtain. It is just the same Safâda you liked before the War—just as effective, just as pleasant to use.

Very little rubbed well into the skin is the only protective measure needed to safeguard the hands in winter time; or any time. For its purpose it excels, and whether you buy it in liquid form or cream, Pomeroy Safâda is the one preparation for the hands which will entirely satisfy you.

# Pomeroy Safâda

In Bottles, 2/-. In Tubes (cream), 1/6. Of Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Booklet, "Hands and Their Care," post free from

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W. 1



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WILSON & GILL'S "STAINLESS" CUTLERY



Wilson & Gill's Stainless Cutlery is fitted with finest Oval Zylonite Lockfast Handles, with superior quality Sheffield Stainless and Rustless Steel Blades, which retain permanently their original Highly Polished Surface, and only require cleaning in the same manner as silver spoons and forks.

Table Knives £1 7s. 6d. per Full size ½ doz. Cheese Knives £1 5s. 0d. per Full size ½ doz.

Complete set of Stainless Cutlery and finest Silver-Plated Spoons, Forks, etc., for 6 persons (59 pieces) complete in Oak Case, £20.

Since Queen Victoria's early days



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# LUCE'S

## EAU-DE

## COLOGNE

for Xmas

IN selecting perfumes for Xmas Presents, considerable discretion is needed—there are so many kinds to choose from and so many risks of disappointing the recipient.

LUCE'S EAU-DE-COLOGNE is never out of fashion—every lady loves it, and it is one of the few perfumes a gentleman permits himself to use. It is so delightfully fragrant, so gloriously invigorating that it satisfies both the æsthetic and practical instincts. Its aroma is wonderfully persistent and lingers, pure and sweet, to the end.

There are always uses for LUCE'S—on the handkerchief or on the hands, in the bathroom or sick room, at the theatre, when visiting or travelling, as a gift from gentleman to lady, or lady to gentleman, for sprinkling anywhere and everywhere when the atmosphere is close and stuffy.

In Plain bottles: 2/-, 3/6, 6/6, 12/6, 20/- and 32/6.

In Wickered bottles: 7/9, 15/- and 27/6.

LUCE'S LAVENDER WATER is sold at the same prices as Luce's Eau-de-Cologne.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in the United Kingdom.

No other Eau-de-Cologne can take the place of LUCE'S. Its uniquely refreshing qualities are largely due to its spirit strength, which is guaranteed to be not less than 50 degrees over proof.

Beware of imitation Jersey Brands and insist on LUCE'S

If your Chemist cannot supply send order to LUCE'S Retail Depots:—

179, High Street, SOUTHAMPTON

3, Ranelagh Street, LIVERPOOL.

JERSEY. LIVERPOOL. SOUTHAMPTON. LONDON.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

## GERMAN FINANCE.

EVERY country is faced to-day with the problem of settling its post-war finance, and, as is only just and right, Germany has the most difficult task of all.

It is interesting, therefore, to see how she proposes to tackle the task, and with what hopes of success. This latter point vitally affects us, because on it depends our hope of an Indemnity. We fear that there is little, at present, to reassure us. The Germans talk of a 1920 Budget amounting to 17½ milliards of marks, allowing 5 per cent. per annum as the cost of the national debt. It is not easy to see how they are to raise even this amount by taxation; and yet in it they have allowed nothing for amortisation of debt, nothing for payments to the Allies, nor for reparation either in France or Belgium! A sorry outlook, and we see no reason to doubt the stories which we hear on every side of purchases of precious stones in large quantities by Germans! They are a most portable and easily hidden form of wealth. The proposals put forward up to the present as to how the necessary money is to be raised are not very novel. A capital levy will apparently be tried, and, according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, war bonds will be accepted at their face value, while a company is to be formed to take over and realise goods and other assets which are difficult to liquidate.

Taxes on advertisements, and the issue of premium bonds and Lottery loan all figure in the programme, although Germany's experience of this latter type of loan during the last part of the nineteenth century was not particularly encouraging: a limited public and a diminishing interest as the years went on led to their abolishment in 1871.

Perhaps the gambling fever, which seems world-prevalent to-day, will prove triumphant. It is to be hoped so, for our sake

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

I observe," said The Broker reflectively, "that a recent correspondent of *The Sketch* did not appear to take us seriously."

"Then how on earth *did* he take us?" demanded The City Editor.

"I didn't see the letter. All I saw was the answer."

"Perhaps it was a fake," suggested The Jobber. "I've heard that such things *are* done—in the provinces," he added hastily, catching The City Editor's expression.

"No, it wasn't a fake. That was obvious enough," said The Broker. "But fancy anyone not taking us seriously!"

"You deserve to be taken," The Photographer ventured, "seriously and sincerely."

He was the only one who so much as smiled at this brilliant sally. To break the frigid silence at his *faux pas*, he asked:

"How are markets?"

Now there is no more foolish question than that which can be put to a Stock Exchange man. It is only constant familiarity with it, coupled with their notorious good-humour, that enables House men to answer it politely. For, of course, one market may be good, another dull, a third dormant, and so forth, simultaneously.

"How are markets?" asked The Photographer.

The Broker looked at The Jobber.

"Well," replied the latter judicially, "I should say that, taking markets all round, a mental snap-shot, so to speak, and without going into any detailed—"

"Oh, fish!" cried The City Editor, with impatience. "Out with it, man!"

"Hope I didn't interrupt you," continued The Jobber blandly. "I should say, in two words, that some of the markets are over-developed and some are under—"

This produced a general laugh which put the Carriage on good terms with themselves again.

"But what worries me," said The Broker, "is that clients are incessantly writing to ask me what is going up quickly."

"Well, we must have some money to buy Christmas presents with," The Merchant pointed out.

"That's their latest stunt," complained The Broker, who seemed to think he was doing clients a kindness by advising them. Whereas— And likewise—However—"

"But certainly people do insist upon their Stock Exchange friends giving them tips just now."

"And what do you tell them, may we ask?"

"Tell 'em to buy War Loan," was the ungracious grunt.

"I can't make out why everyone doesn't buy War Savings Certificates," said The Merchant. "They're much the cheapest things in the gilt-edged line, so far as I can see."

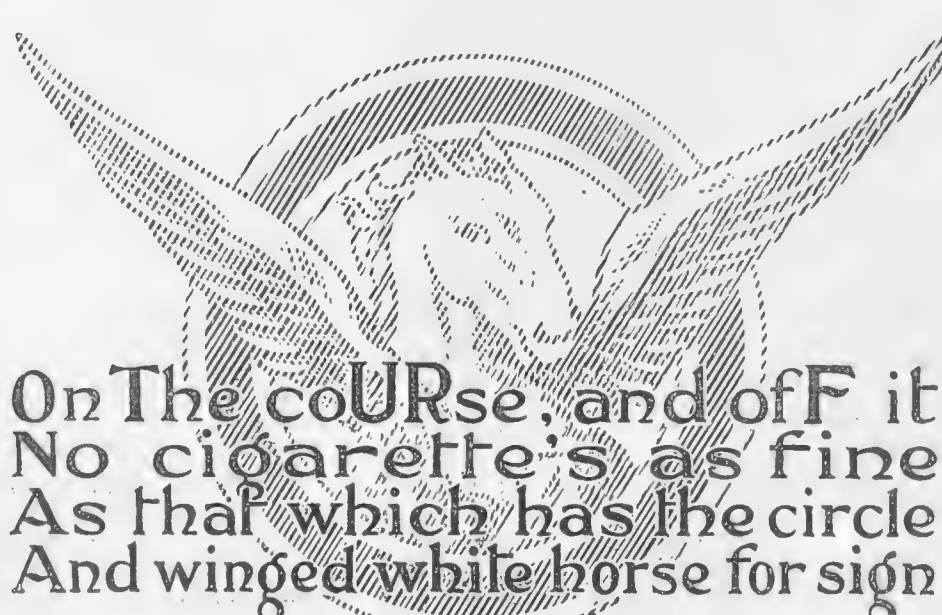
"Perhaps most of us have got the maximum quantity," suggested The City Editor.

"We're not all of us—not even most of us—lucky enough to be journalists," The Jobber returned. "And there are Premium Bonds."

"Toys, just toys," scoffed The Broker. "May have a vogue for a while, but people want genuine investments for income."

[Continued overleaf]

## A TURF Jingle



On The coURse, and ofF it  
No cigarette's as fine  
As that which has the circle  
And winged white horse for sign

Made by Alexander Boguslavsky Ltd.  
Specialists in Cigarettes,  
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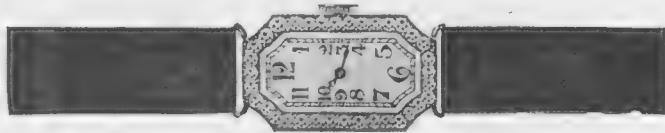
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Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.

PERFECTLY  
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OBTAINABLE in stripes, checks and plain or fancy designs, in delicate combinations of colour. Suitable for stylish yet economical washing overalls, children's pinafores, and jumpers, etc. All dyes used in the manufacture are indelible—fast both to light and washing.

*Ask your draper to show you his selection.*

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Established 1785.

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**From War to Peace.**

The Allies having proved the value of the puttee in the strenuous work of War, Fox Bros. & Co., Ltd., are now adapting it for walking, shooting, motoring, golfing, riding and cycling.

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(F.I.P.—Fox's Improved Puttees) "Non-Fray Spiral."

Heavyweight Regulation 9/- per pair.  
Lightweight Extra Fine 11/- per pair. Lightweight Extra Fine Light Shade, 12/- per pair.

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**FOX BROS. & CO., Ltd. (Dept. U), Wellington, Somerset.**

Agents for United States: The Manley & Johnson Corporation, 260, West Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

**CAUTION.** See that the name 'FOX' is on the metal discs (right and left), attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees.

**RELIABLE FURS**

OUR Fur Department contains an infinite variety of Coats, Capes and Fur Sets copied and adapted from exclusive Paris models. Practically the whole of these garments are manufactured in our own workrooms by skilled Furriers under expert supervision. The greatest care is taken to provide a thoroughly reliable garment at the lowest possible price, combining refinement of taste with the highest grade of manufacture.

15.  
Original French Model  
FUR COAT in finest quality  
Seal dyed Musquash, with  
large collar and cuffs of  
Natural Black Musquash.  
This model copies well in  
Blended Nutria and Mink,  
Seal Coney and Nutria, etc.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
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*Write for Catalogue.*





## £50,000,000 a Year!

Colds and chills, so they tell us, cost this country nearly a million pounds a week.

With still more Wolsey how much might be saved!

Let us forget for a moment the extraordinary comfort Wolsey offers; its steadfast refusal to shrink in wash or wear; its very useful range of weights and qualities and sizes; its uniform excellence and its splendid service: and let us see how Wolsey *prevents chill*.

Wolsey is pure wool, and the best thing about pure wool is that it is the worst heat-conductor in the world.

Clad in Wolsey wool, your body is proof against that sudden loss of heat, or, if you like, that sudden assault of cold which heralds Chill.

By keeping the body's temperature equable—and Wolsey wool does this better than aught else known to nature or to science—it performs a priceless service.

Though Wolsey, admittedly, costs more than it used to, its real worth, when you think of it, is beyond rubies.

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*"The Best the World Produces"*

Wolsey is obtainable in a variety of garments and sizes for men, women and children. Every garment is pure wool and unshrinkable; should any prove otherwise, you get a brand new garment free. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Wolsey, kindly send a postcard to the manufacturers.



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## INEXPENSIVE BLOUSES

With a view to meeting the requirements of those customers whose incomes have been adversely affected by the War, we have designed a number of popularly priced garments in practically every department. The Blouse illustrated is a typical example.

CRÊPE-DE-CHINE BLOUSE,  
daintily trimmed with lace in  
white and other pale shades.

SPECIAL PRICE

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## Read what Mother says:—

Hillary, near Durban, Natal, July, 1919.

To Savory & Moore, Ltd.—Dear Sirs, I have much pleasure in sending you a photo of our twin girls at 10 months old, both of whom were entirely reared on Savory & Moore's Food. Everyone asks me, "What do you give them?" so that we are constantly recommending Savory & Moore's. Make whatever use you like of this letter and photo, and believe us your grateful and staunch supporters, A. & D. Jackson.

# SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD



# An entirely new game OF SCIENCE & SKILL 'Daisy' FINGER FOOTBALL

All the excitement of the "FIELD" on the Daisy Table. From the "KICK OFF" to "GOAL" a stern contest of brain and dexterity. THRILLING TO PLAY—EXCITING TO WATCH.

As a game of skill, "Daisy" Finger Football is second only to Billiards. It can be played by all members of the family—young and old. The development of skill in play is only a matter of practice.

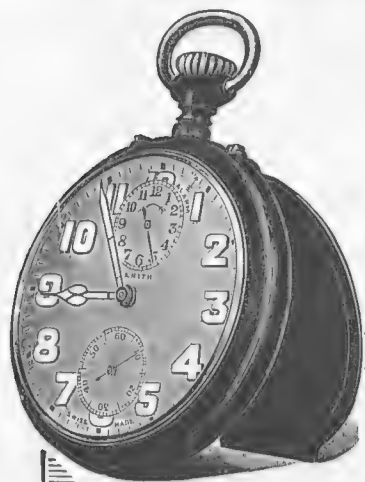
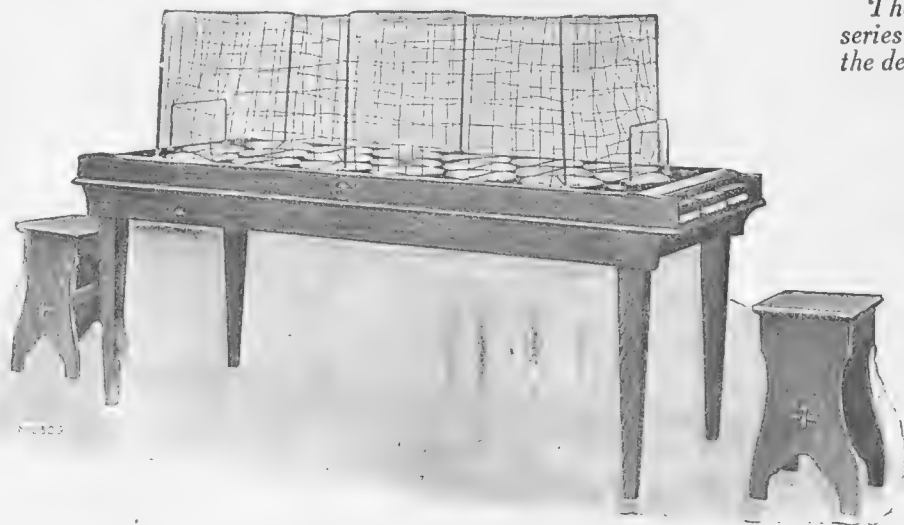
*The surface of the "field" is made up of a series of discs operating in opposite directions by the depression of keys at each end of the table.*

There are daily demonstrations of "Daisy" Finger Football at Harrods. Orders booked at all principal stores.

*The output at present is limited, and if you want "Daisy" Finger Football for Christmas Entertainment we advise you to order it now.*

**The DAISY VACUUM  
CLEANER CO., LTD.,**

Leamington Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham



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## THE XX<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY WATCH

THIS, our Appointment Watch, tells you the time, rings it out clear and distinct by means of its powerful gong alarm. Appointments, meetings, trains—no matter the business on hand—cannot be forgotten. A dial visible on the darkest evening, a back cover which so opens as to permit the watch being stood on your bedside table, are ingenious additions really useful to the wearer.

You incur no obligation by ordering this watch. If after a fair trial you are for any reason disappointed, a refundment in full of your remittance will at once be made.

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*Pearline*  
ENAMEL

IS APPLIED LIKE PAINT

Any surface which is usually painted can be decorated with Pearline Enamel. The result will be much more elegant and pleasing to the eye. It is very durable too, and will withstand frequent washing and real hard wear. There are three finishes to suit various positions and tastes, viz., glossy, egg-shell and dead flat in white or any tint. For exterior work use Pearline glossy finish.

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## The PRIDE of OWNERSHIP

Pride of Ownership—the true epitome of satisfied possession—is, in the case of the new Chappell Bijou Grand, no product of vain acquisitiveness, but a deep appreciation of the superb tonal quality of the instrument, a vibrating delight in the depth of its volume, and a sympathetic understanding of the subtle gradations of which it is capable.

The new Bijou Grand is the outcome of that scientific study in the art of piano-making which has made the Chappell Pianoforte the Standard by which all others are judged.

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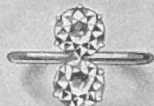
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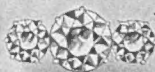
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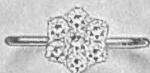
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76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



The silent, all-satisfying companionship of dogs finds an apt simile in "THE TIMES" Virginia Cigarettes—hence this mascot.

Pedigree counts—"THE TIMES" is a pedigree smoke combining scientific skill and expert care in Cigarette manufacture.

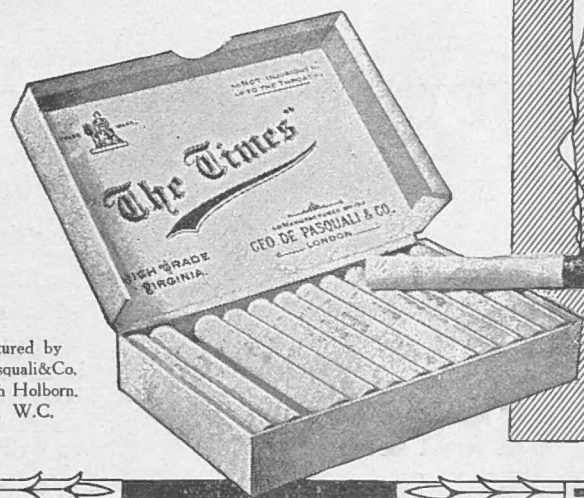
## PASQUALI'S "The Times" THE VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

Made in that "prosperous" size you delight to offer and receive, "The Times" Cigarette in every respect is worthy of your attention.

Blended from the finest Virginia Tobacco leaf with infinite care by experts who have simply "lived and dreamed" tobacco all their lives. Cool, satisfying, and of generous size.

25 for 1/10½  
50 for 3/9  
100 for 7/4

All good tobacco-nists sell "THE TIMES" Cigarettes.



Manufactured by Geo. de Pasquali & Co. 26, 27, High Holborn, London, W.C.

## AITCHISON'S Prism Binoculars

The Ideal Glasses for all Sporting and Touring Purposes.

The MARK I is the standard service glass as supplied to the Government throughout the war. All the models which are fitted with eyepiece focussing are hermetically sealed; and consequently withstand exposure to all kinds of climates and weather conditions.

	Magnification.	With Eyepiece Focussing.	With Central Focussing.
The MARK I ... (as illustrated)	x 6	£10 10 0	£11 15 0
The LUMAC ...	x 8	£11 0 0	£12 5 0
The LUMAC ...	x 12	£13 0 0	£14 5 0
The OWL ... (extra large aperture)	x 6	£12 0 0	£13 5 0

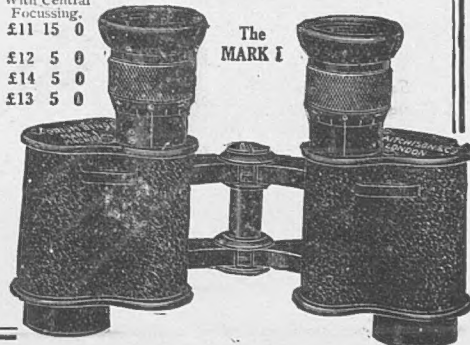
Prices include best solid leather sling case and lanyard.

Call an Inspector, or write for Price List No. 6 S.

AITCHISON & CO., LTD.,  
Opticians to the British and Allied Governments.  
423, STRAND, W.C.2.  
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And Branches, London.  
LEEDS—37, BOND STREET.



Trade Mark.





(Continued.)

"I thought you said that everyone clamoured for speculation?"

"So they do, but there's bound to be plenty of investment as well, for a long time to come."

"I've done some rather lucky staggering lately." The Photographer came into the picture again. "Some of the new issues struck me as good, I've used a certain amount of discretion, and five out of six have turned out profitably."

"And the sixth?"

"I sold at a small discount, so I was well in on the average."

"That has been the experience of most people lately, I think," said The Merchant. "I've done a little that way myself. Of course it locks up a bit of money for a week or two, but very seldom for long."

The Jobber said he would rather gamble on his native heath.

"How do you spell that 'gamble' my giddy lambkin?"

"That is the kind of thing which causes us to be taken not seriously," was the retort. "I have a feeling that West African Tin shares aren't so bad."

"Seems to be scope," agreed The Broker.

"Keep to the decent things, and I fancy you will make money before Christmas," The Jobber continued. "I think we ought to see them wake up, and prices are not over-high."

"I've kept my Oil shares all through," said The Merchant.

They were all over him in a moment, and invitations to dinner and theatre were the least demanded from him.

"Some of my profits I put into rubber," The Engineer chortled.

"So that's all right."

"Say what you like, the Oil Market's too strong to take any selling liberties with," The Broker admitted. "Why, even some of the Maikop shares are worth buying now. Anglo-Maikop wouldn't hurt a soul."

"And the Rubber Market?"

Here The Jobber stepped in. "Too high already, but going better."

"You might say that of shipping," The Engineer commented.

"With every reason," The Broker concurred. "The great thing in all these speculative markets is to stick to the good stuff."

"How can you distinguish 'tother from which?"

"Ask your broker, of course."

"But if you don't possess such a luxury? What then?"

"Then avoid like the plague the shares tipped by a certain class of paper that stamps its ugly head between every line."

"Picturesque, but not particularly helpful."

"My dear old chap, everyone's endowed with a certain measure of common-sense."

"An 'uncertain' measure would be nearer the mark. And what they have can easily be outweighed by their credulity and greed." Loud and prolonged applause.

"You seem to have been landed by the gentry yourself," laughed The Broker.

"Never mind, old chap"—and The Jobber gathered stick and newspapers from the rack. "Experientia does it, doesn't it?"

#### A SOUTH AMERICAN LAND SHARE.

Insiders have been recently buying the shares of the Rio de Janeiro Land, Mortgage and Investment Company, and we believe that negotiations are progressing favourably for the disposal of a large block of the Company's property.

In any case the prospects seem good, and at about 12s. the shares have distinct speculative possibilities. The Company holds the whole of the capital of two Brazilian companies which own, between them, some 3000 acres of high land in the neighbourhood of Rio. Now that the war is over, development can again be undertaken, and the general prosperity of South America has increased the value of all land. The land round the city which is available for expansion is limited, and eventually a large part of the Company's land must be utilised for this purpose, and its value be correspondingly increased.

Friday, Nov. 14, 1919.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

"ELECTRIC."—We do not think you need worry, and certainly do not change your investments, which are excellent. Even a Labour Government would not affect you; and if private property were ever done away with, houses would be confiscated with the rest. We think you can sleep comfortably.

W. R.—We have answered you by post.

D. J. M.—(2) and (3) are thoroughly sound, but we don't like the people behind the others, and think them best left alone.

The British Automatic Co., Ltd., show improved results for the year just past, and profits amounted to £64,050, after allowing for excess profits duty. It is proposed to bring the dividend for the year up to 2s. per share, transfer £10,000 to the Reserve Fund, £15,000 to inaugurate a Staff Pension Fund, and to carry forward £10,632. Transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of November.

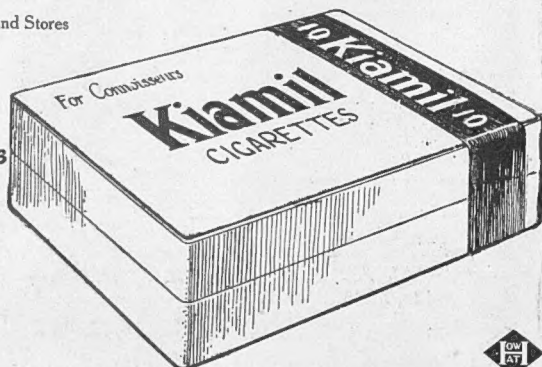
**Kiamil**  
Pre-War Standard  
Cigarettes

*Between the Acts*

Egyptian Blend	-	25 for 3/3	100 for 12/6
Turkish Special	-	25 for 2/10	100 for 11/3
Virginia Special	-	20 for 2/2	100 for 9/6
American	-	20 for 1/8	100 for 8/3

Of all High-class Tobacconists and Stores

Sole Manufacturer:  
J. Clement 59, Eastcheap, E.C.3



## THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—  
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklace, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—  
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

From £2 : 2 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

**SESSEL** (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



## Every Motorist must read

*"The Heart of the Car is the Engine."*

The author is a leading authority on Motors and Motoring, and this work has been produced in the interests of Motor Users and Owner-Drivers.

*Just published. Fully Illustrated. 84 pages 4to, in handsome Embossed Cover.*

The result is a book that is a practical necessity and of permanent value to everyone who values the sweet running of his car.

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*Specialists in the Designing and Building of Internal-Combustion Engines.*



*Sent  
Free  
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Request.*

## Hamptons' "Petworth" Settee



is deep seated, and alike as regards the shaping, the materials, and the upholstering is devised expressly to provide the utmost restfulness. Upholstered all hair. The loose cushion is filled with down. Covered with 50 in. Cretonne at 6/6 per yard. £25 10s. 0d.

*For illustrations, in colour, of many of the latest productions and best values now obtainable in Home Furnishings of every description, see Hamptons' new book, "Autumn 1919," sent free.*

# HAMPTONS

**Decorators · Furnishers**

Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1; and at Buenos Aires.

*Hamptons pay carriage to any railway station in Great Britain.*



**Give Golly  
Vin-Sanguis  
and  
MAKE HIM  
ROSY  
Like us**

FOR imparting the glow of good health, try a bottle of Dr. Hale's Vin-Sanguis Wine for the Blood. Made from meat extract, pure malt, and mellow old imported wines, matured in our cellars, its stimulating and body-building properties are of great value to weakly children. Containing no gases with their consequent bad after-effects, its nutritious elements are easily assimilated by both young and old.

**IT MAKES YOU FIT. — IT KEEPS YOU FIT.**

Obtainable of all Wine Merchants, Stores, Licensed Grocers, and Chemists.

*Reputed Pint Bottles, 3/-; Reputed Quarts, 5/6.*

**DR. HALE'S  
VIN-SANGUIS  
WINE FOR THE BLOOD**

**DR. HALE'S VIN-SANGUIS CO.,  
444, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.**

**QUALITY**

**J. W. BENSON, L<sup>TD</sup>.**

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4



## FINE RINGS

In Platinum and other settings. Diamonds, either alone or with Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires, or Rubies of rare quality.

**Exclusive and beautiful work at strictly moderate prices for cash.**

The popular "Times" System of  
**MONTHLY PAYMENTS**  
IS STILL AVAILABLE.

Illustrated Lists of Rings (with size card), Jewels, Pocket, Wristlet, or Bracelet Watches, Silver, Plate and Clocks. Post Free.

**J. W. BENSON, Ltd.,  
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4**



Continued from page 284.]

from the U.S.A. and, later, Frank Wootton, the Huxleys and others from the Colonies gave our jockeys over here a lesson or two upon the evils of loitering; and Sims and Sloan, certainly at the outset, owed a great deal of their successes to the apprenticeship they had served in America, where they heard something to their disadvantage if they came a false pace in a gallop, and still more so in an actual race.



AT A MEET OF THE BRIDGE: THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMDEN AND HER YOUNGER CHILDREN.

The Marchioness of Camden, wife of the fourth Marquess, hunts with the Eridge. She is the daughter of Lord Henry Nevill, and has four children—two boys and two girls. Our photograph, which was taken at a meet at Eridge Castle, Lord Henry Nevill's place, shows Lady Camden with Lord Roderick Pratt (her second son), and Lady Irene and Lady Fiona Pratt, her two daughters.—[Photograph by C.N.]

There is another matter where reform is badly needed—the small contribution of the fund to values of races. There was a recent outcry over Doncaster, and since then other courses have mended their ways, notably Manchester, where the owners were not asked to do business on the principle of taking in one another's washing and racing for an undue percentage of their own money. At the recent Lincoln meeting, however, this thing was again rampant, and the industrious correspondent of one of your London

evening contemporaries has collected a few figures which I now purloin, because he is on the right tack, and because I think this thing should merit the attention of the Jockey Club. Here are some of the figures:—

The advertised value of the stakes at Lincoln on the Great Tom Plate day was £1362, but the only cost to the executive was £87 5s. There was a surplus on the two selling events of £91 15s.; the Blankney Nursery and the Brownlow Plate cost the executive nothing; and the Great Tom Plate (advertised value £500) £154.

The Victoria

Derby was a sweepstake of £30 each; £1 forfeit if declared September 30, 1919, and £5 forfeit if declared October 30, 1919, with £3000 added. The second horse received £600, and the third £300. Closed with 391 nominations. The Melbourne Stakes is a sweepstake of £10 each with £1000 added. The Melbourne Cup was a handicap sweepstake of £50 each, with £2 forfeit declared by August 5 last, £5 forfeit if declared by October 28, with £7000 added and a trophy value £150. The second horse receives £1400 and the third £700. The race closed on June 3 last, with 278 nominations.

[Continued overleaf.]



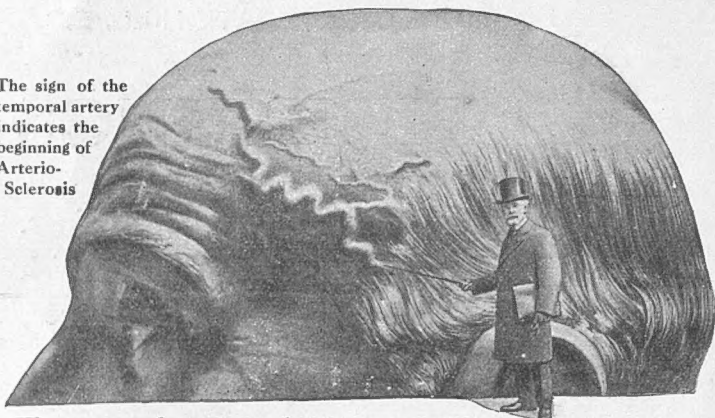
AT A RETRIEVER TRIAL: CAPTAIN AND MRS. QUINTIN DICK.

The recent retriever trials at Lowther Castle were a rendezvous for keen sportsmen; but had to be postponed. Our photograph shows Captain Quintin Dick, of Carantula, Co. Galway, watching the shooting with Mrs. Quintin Dick, who is the daughter of Major Penn Curzon.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

# Urodonal

## DISSOLVES URIC ACID.

The sign of the temporal artery indicates the beginning of Arterio-Sclerosis



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. LANCEREAUX, late President of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, in his "Treatise on Gout."

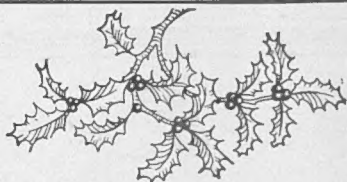
"If you should see between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, and knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for you are threatened with senility. It does not matter if you have not a white hair, your arteries are growing old. Act immediately.

"Purify your blood of the poisonous substances which taint it, and especially of the most dangerous of all—viz., Uric Acid. To effect this miracle it is only necessary to take a thorough course of the wonder-working Urodonal, which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar, and which is the standard treatment of arterio-sclerosis."

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British & Colonial Agents, HEPPELS Pharmacists, 161, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.



## Give him a hundred of these.

AFTER the first whiff, he will praise your choice, for "La Meriel" cigars have that indescribable aroma of real Havana tobacco; they represent the height of enjoyment to every smoker.

"La Meriel" cigars, in fact, represent the Christmas present which is sure to please.

If your tobacconist does not supply "La Meriel," do not be put off with something else, but send direct to us.

54/- per 100; 27/- per 50.

Post paid for troops abroad;

42/6 per 100; 21/6 per 50.

SIDNEY PULLING R. Ltd.  
4, CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



SIZE AS ILLUSTRATED

# La Meriel

## DE LUXE